

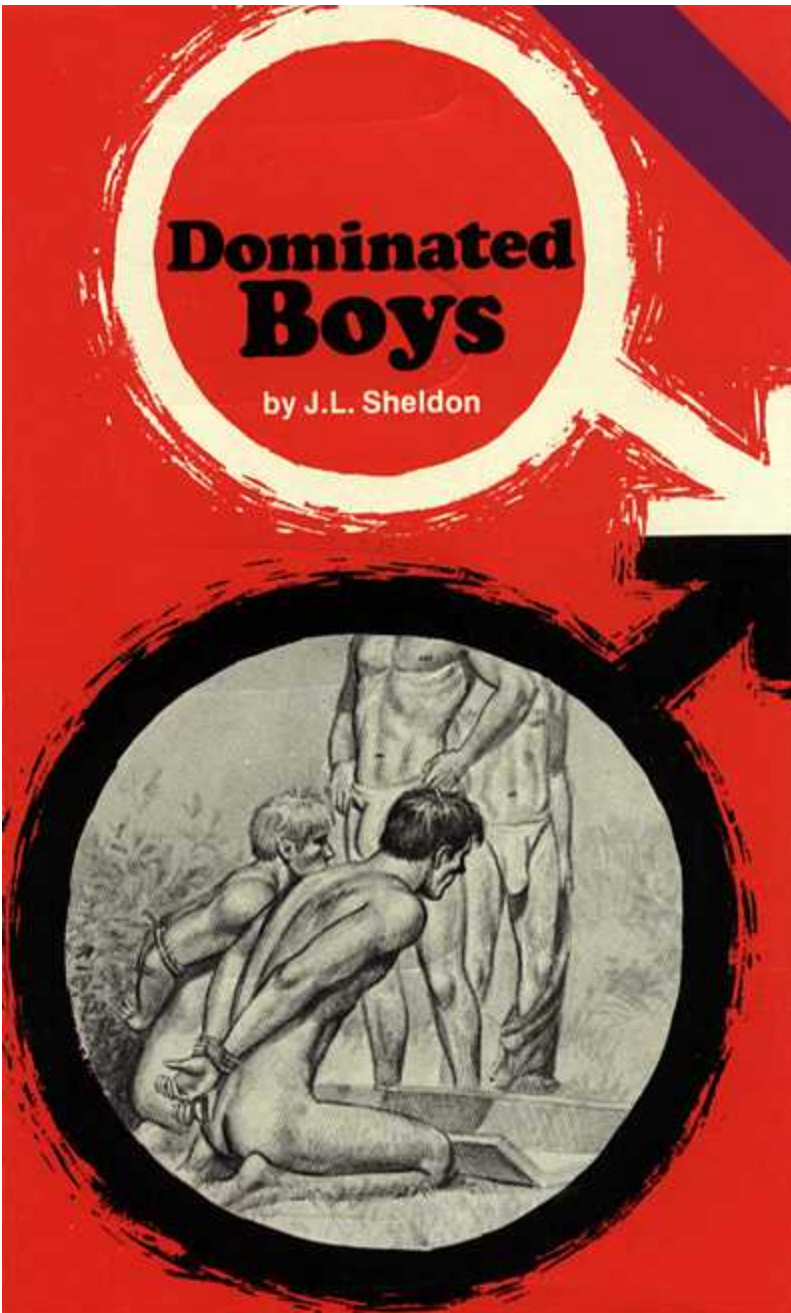
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AC-307 DOMINATED BOYS by J L Sheldon

FOREWORD

It's been said that every person has some dark passion within his soul --

some hidden secret, desire or whim that may never surface to be seen by even the closest confidante. Such a secret can be evil and sinister, or it may

be trivial and trite.

In America, such passions are easily submerged and hidden by the complexities of everyday living. And often people are unaware of the dark passions which lie within themselves. Yet sometimes these passions are brought out where they cannot be ignored, and a person's life is changed.

The men and boys in this story of slaves and masters are at various stages of self-discovery. Some already know where they belong in the bondage and discipline scene -- others are only learning.

DOMINATED BOYS -- a group of people coming to grips with themselves.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

He was a good lookin' fucker. A wavy mane of jet-black hair framed the high cheekbones and square planes of his face. His eyes, dark, brilliant green, traveled slowly across the broad, bone-tipped shoulders reflected in the mirror, down to his mounded, angular pecs and lean, scalloped torso.

The thick veins on his arms bulged like ropes as he struck a post. Danny Wilde was one hot, A-number-one stud, and he knew it. He was turning himself on as he displayed his muscular teenaged body to the full-length mirror. His warm, semi-hard cock felt good through the soft, worn denim as he dug his into the big knot at his crotch.

Danny wore his jeans spayed on over a pair of loose jockey shorts. After some experimentation, he had discovered that this combination showed his crotch off best. He liked showing off the huge mound created by his thick ten inches and bull sized nuts, proud that he had the biggest fuckin'

basket in the whole school. The hot boy grabbed his hardening rod through the cloth, rubbing his thumb across the big, plum-shaped cockhead. His stiff cock jerked painfully.

He hesitated briefly, thinking he shouldn't, but his jerking prick was demanding satisfaction. He locked the bedroom door and peeled off his jeans. The sight of his own fully naked body made Danny's rigid cockrod snap against his flat belly.

He smeared a big gob of saliva around his bulging cockhead. The pleasure jolt made his knees buckle! Spreading his legs, he thrust his hips toward the mirror and fisted his prick rapidly.

He loved to watch himself jerking off -- the way his muscles tightened and bulged and his big balls jiggled. And his cock, he loved the way the veins stood out on the sleek shaft, and the deep, violet color of the rounded cockhead.

As his fingers whipped faster and faster around his inflamed cockhead, shock waves of pleasure ripped through his cockshaft. He had one hot load coming, and he was getting really close.

He sprawled back on the bed, legs thrown wide. The cool, soft sheets felt good as he squirmed his ass on the bed. He split another gob of saliva onto his hand and resumed stroking, slow and leisurely now trying to make his pleasure last. As he jerked himself with one hand and rubbed his tits with the other. The big, rod nubs creed instantly and Danny's mind wandered off to his favorite fantasy: the shower room right after practice.

He visualized the guys on the team -- bucknaked, horsing around, ass-grabbing, waving their thick cocks around. Yeah! It made him hurting hard to think about those smooth muscled, glistening bodies, trim, round bubble-butts, and best of all, those big teenaged cocks. It often took all his will power to keep from throwing a raging hard-on right there in front of the other boys. He had to turn the water on cold before he could decently exit the showers. And after every practice, he would rush home from the gym, lack himself in his room, and savagely jack-off.

Danny imagined himself with one of his teammates, feeling up each other's swollen cock. He loved the way a big cock and nuts stretched out a jock, the twin bulge of the balls below and the thick cockshaft straining the waistband away from the groin.

He imagined himself grabbing his buddy's muscled shoulders, pushing him down on his knees, twining his hands into the sweaty hair crushing the boy's wide-open, slobbering mouth hard against his bursting jock. Danny pleased himself expertly as he relived his favorite fantasy, bringing himself closer with every stroke.

In his head, his buddy was wetting down his jock, licking his cock and balls through the squishy elastic material. His hands flew faster on his boiling prick. He heard himself uttering harsh commands: "Take it off, cock-sucker! Really lick those balls! Yeahhh! Get down on my asshole, man. Yeah!" It really made him hot to imagine one of his buddies servicing him, doing whatever Danny ordered.

"Suck that big cock, cock-sucker. Suck it! Unnnnnnggggg!" he panted.

The rich white cum shot high, arching over the young stud's corded belly, splattering his chest. He lay with his cock in his hand, gasping for breath, his whole body tingling with that pleasant buzzing that only comes with a really hot orgasm.

It had been a good load, but now he was going to be late! Tonight was his first time on the tutoring job his school counselor had gotten him. He wasn't much looking forward to tutoring young William Harrington III. The kid sounded like a rich, snot-nosed, fuck-up brat. With a sigh of resignation, he rapidly cleaned himself up, dressed, and set out for the Harrington house.

The place turned out to be in one of those exclusive neighborhoods with a gatehouse at the entrance. He identified himself to the young guard on duty and was waved in. The Harrington mansion was a rambling, slightly run-down Tudor building covered with ivy.

Mr. Harrington II was waiting for Danny in his study. After shaking hands with his new employer, Danny was waved to a deeply tufted leather wing chair. Mr. Harrington came straight to the point.

"Danny, you come highly recommended as an outstanding student and athlete. My stepson, Billy, is unfortunately not doing well in school.

Frankly, his mother spoiled him terribly before we were married. Well, now she's gone, and my business doesn't really permit me to give the boy proper attention and discipline. We've tried older tutors, but they haven't worked out. So, I think that, perhaps, a responsible young man closer to his age may be able to get through to him, help him with his school work, generally keep him in line. Do you think you're man enough for the job?"

Danny cleared his throat, then answered resolutely, "Yes, Sir, I do!"

"Good, you can start today then. I'd like for you to spend a couple of hours with him every school night, and stay over every other weekend.

You'll be paid a thousand a month, and all your expenses when you're with Billy. Will that be satisfactory?"

Danny could hardly believe his luck. He gulped. "Yes, Sir. That'll be fine."

"Well, then," said Harrington, "why don't you go up to Billy's room and get acquainted? He knows you're going to be in charge, so don't hesitate to enforce your authority if you have to. He's been spared the rod far too long. I'm leaving tonight on business and won't be back for a couple of weeks. You can report to me then. In the meantime, if you need anything, just see Mr. Hawkins. He and his wife take care of things around here. Their cottage is up the drive behind the apple orchard."

Danny felt strangely excited as he made his way up to Billy's room. The idea of making all that dough and getting to discipline the younger boy was making him throw a hard-on. By the time he reached Billy's door, the horny teenager was hot.

He knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again. Still no answer.

"Billy?" he called, out. He tried the door, but it was locked.

Finally, he heard a youthful voice grumble, "Just a minute." After a while, the door opened.

Danny liked what he saw; Billy was blond, blue-eyed, and very pretty. He was naked, except for a pair of tight gym trunks which showed a respectable bulge for a boy his age. Though slender, his body was well proportioned, with the sharp-edged muscles of a young swimmer. Danny noticed the boy's peaches and cream complexion was flushed. He wondered if the kid had been playing with himself.

"What are you doing here?" Billy snapped. Danny shoved past him into the room and shot back, "Look, man, you know what I'm doing here, so let's cut the shit!"

Billy looked defiant, but said nothing.

Danny continued, "Your dad hired me to tutor you and keep your ass in line, and that's exactly what I'm gonna do! I'm the boss, and you do what I tell you. If you don't, I'll take down your pants and whip your ass! Do you understand me?"

Billy's defiance had disappeared. He looked a little frightened now.

"OK," he said, "OK, don't get mad."

Danny was enjoying threatening the young boy. He looked so vulnerable in his little shorts, a mop of golden hair hanging down over his downcast eyes.

Danny's cock beat a steady rhythm inside his tight jeans as he looked around the room casual furniture, expensive stereo, teenageed mess. A poster over the bed caught his eye. It was a famous young American gymnast during a floor exercise, his beautifully muscled legs bending up from his waist, rigidly extended over his head in a wide V. The tightly stretched suit left no doubt the hunky young gymnast was extremely well hung.

Billy noticed his muscular young tutor looking at the poster. "I made it myself," he volunteered. "Blew it up in dad's darkroom from a picture out of a magazine."

Danny eyed the boy coolly. "Oh yeah, well, that's nice man. This room is a mess, though. Watcha say we clean it up?"

The younger boy hopped to obey. Danny let Billy do most of the work. He noticed a lot of stained and worn old jockstraps among the dirty clothes the boy gathered from various corners. Soon, the only laundry left to stuff in the canvas bag were the dirty sheets. Danny made for the bed to strip it but Billy bolted from across the room and intercepted him. Danny glowered at him.

"Hey, who's running this show anyway?" he demanded.

Billy looked at the tough boy imploringly and muttered, "Ah... ah... I'm sorry; I just thought we'd get 'em later. There's enough for two loads

already. I just thought..."

The muscular teenager's powerful hand arched through the air and left a set of livid red welts on the slender youth's cheek. Danny grabbed a hank of the boy's fine hair and bent his face toward his own. Then he slapped him again, hard!

"I don't want you to think unless I tell you to think. When I say shit, you shit! Got that, asshole?"

"Y... yeah," the boy blubbered.

"Yes, what, fart face?"

"Yes, Sir," the boy whispered.

Danny slapped him again. "Louder!" he demanded.

"Yes, Sir!"

The thrill of dominating the pretty young boy shot up from the stud teenager's nuts through his steel-hard cock. Danny flung the boy away from himself with a look of utter contempt. As he reached for the sheet, he noticed the corner of something sticking out from under the mattress.

He pulled it out. It was a magazine with a naked young guy on the cover.

Flipping the pages, Danny saw hunk after naked hunk, some in jocks or briefs, but most of them with everything hanging out. One picture showed a blond youth on his knees in front of an older, Italian-looking guy. The blond had his tongue hanging out of his mouth, drooling over the Italian's massive fuckstick. The next picture showed the blond with his legs up in the air getting fucked! The aroused teenager dropped the magazine and flipped the mattress off the bed. He found a dozen more magazines, all gay.

Billy's face was a study in dumbstruck horror. He just stood there with his mouth hanging open, getting redder by the second. Danny felt completely in control. Now he really had the boy by the balls! He went over and locked the bedroom door.

"Please, Danny, don't tell my dad about the magazines. He'd kill me! I'll do anything, but please don't tell him, please!" Billy begged.

The teenaged stud smiled sarcastically at the younger boy. "Anything?"

"Oh, please, Danny, anything you say, please!"

Danny plopped down into a chair, spreading his legs to give the frightened boy a full view of his massive, swollen crotch, "Come here!"

he ordered harshly.

Billy advanced meekly toward his hunky masters eyes on the floor.

"Kneel!"

Billy looked up at that, but obeyed without a word.

"Closer!"

The young blond shuffled on his knees until his trembling stomach touched the edge of the chair. Danny grabbed his hair and slapped him a couple of times.

"Unless you want me to tell your daddy about your queer magazines, you're gonna do whatever I tell you, understand?"

Billy nodded his head up and down.

Danny's hand crashed again against the boy's face. "You say, yes, Sir!

Asshole!"

"Yes, Sir!" the boy answered.

"My boots are dirty. I want you to shine them for me!"

The boy started to get up, but Danny pushed him back down.

"I want you to use your tongue, asswipe!" Momentary rebellion flickered in Billy's eyes, but was quickly extinguished by his master's blazing glare. Danny hooked a leg over the boy's back and flattened him to the floor. Billy stuck out his tongue and gave the grimy boot toe a tentative lick.

"I wantcha slobberin' and droolin' all over my fuckin' boots!"

The boy obeyed, whipping his soft, pink tongue all over the dirt-caked leather. The acrid taste of the dirty boot made him gag, but he kept on.

The boots were soon spitting clean, and the young slave's face was smeared with dirt and spit.

Danny taunted him. "Look at you! Dirt all over your face like a fuckin' pig. Clean yourself up!"

Again, Billy started to get up, but the older boy pushed him back down with his boot.

"Like a dog, asshole! Rub your face on the fuckin' carpet like a dog!"

The blond boy obeyed, scratching his tender cheeks on the rug.

Danny then ordered Billy to take off his boots. He ground the heel hard into his slave's crotch as the boy pulled on his bootstraps. But Billy seemed to like it. He thrust his hips forward and rotated his crotch against the boot's grinding pain. Danny watched in fascination. "Now take my socks off with your teeth!"

The pungent smell of sweat-socked wool filled Billy's nostrils as he gnawed the socks off the muscular athlete's feet.

"Lick my feet," his master ordered.

Billy licked and slobbered over every inch of his master's muscular feet.

He drew each toe into his soft, wet mouth, sending delicious, tickling chills up Danny's spine. The boy licked feverishly, making it difficult for Danny

to stay still under the tickling pleasure-torture. "Stop!" he ordered after a few minutes. He ruffled Billy's thick, blond hair with his big toe. "I think you're gonna make me, a real good little puppy dog.

Yeah! I'm gonna give you all the obedience training you need! I'm gonna train ya to heel and crawl and all kinds of nice tricks."

Much as he wanted to go on playing with his new slave boy, Danny had to take a leak in the worst way. In Billy's bathroom he took off his clothes and wrestled his rigid prick out of his jockstrap. Finally, he got the big cock soft enough to bend down over the toilet. The rich yellow stream hit the bowl in spurt after powerful spurt. When he came out of the john wearing only the jockstrap, his powerfully muscled physique made Billy gasp.

The boy's small, luscious mouth parted, and his tongue licked his pouting lower lip. Danny smiled. His new puppy dog was ready to go on to bigger and better things. He hefted his heavy jock pouch.

"You like it, asshole?" he asked. "You like my big, fat jock?"

The boy nodded his head, keeping his eyes firmly fixed on Danny's cock.

"Get those fuckin' shorts off and crawl over here!" Danny ordered.

Billy's slender six-inch cock sprang to attention as he peeled off his tight trunks. His groin was lightly sprayed with fine, golden hair, but his balls were rosy bare. His stiff prick and balls swinging between his legs, his rounded little bubblebutt swaying, he crawled toward the big teenager, just like an obedient little puppy.

"That's a good little doggy," Danny sneered. "Now get your doggy nose up here and sniff my jock!" He grabbed the boy by the hair and cruelly pulled his head up between his legs.

The boy did as he was told, pressing his face into the hot, straining pouch, breathing deep. The hot, studly smell, of sweat mixed with a touch of stale piss. Billy was getting more and more turned on as he inhaled his master's masculine crotch scent. He rubbed his pretty face all over the huge,

straining pouch, licking at the stretchy jock fabric, making soft, whimpering sounds.

Danny grabbed the boy's hair again and pushed him farther down between his legs. Billy licked at the hairy thighs, sucking the silky black hair with spit. Bending his knees, Danny forced Billy's head deeper between his trembling legs. The boy licked feverishly.

"My asshole, dog! Lick my asshole!" Danny growled.

Immediately, Billy's fluttering tongue found the puckered, funky smelling asshole and lashed it furiously. Danny's body jerked in response. He pivoted over the boy to give him better access, then reached behind to push him deep between his muscular asscheeks.

"Lick my ass good! Eat it! Yeahhhhh! Get your tongue up my asshole! Oh, yeahhhhh!"

Danny relaxed his ass to let his slave's tongue get all the way inside.

The boy stabbed the fluttering asshole with his pointed tongue again and again. Danny crooned, abandoning himself to the incredible sensations Billy's slobbering mouth was giving him.

The boy was really getting into the assucking. He kept lashing his tongue across the rosy asspucker, sucking on his master's asshole and stabbing his tongue inside over and over again. He liked eating ass. It made him feel so safe and secure to have his head trapped between those gorgeous, muscular thighs.

Billy's favorite jack-off fantasies had always involved being forced into sex by another boy. His cock was so hard it hurt and it was getting even harder as he lovingly serviced his master's asshole.

Billy's rim-job felt so good, Danny would have liked it to last forever.

His cock, however, was burning hot, and in need of some cooling down. He reached back to pull Billy's head out of his ass, but the boy resisted.

The stud boy stepped away from his slave and slapped his face hard. Then he walked over to his jeans and pulled off his thick leather belt.

CHAPTER TWO

The belt hit Billy across the shoulders with, a loud crack then again and again. The boy arched his back, closing his eyes. A deep look of pleasure-pain came over his face. He shook under the blows. "Yes, yesssss, beat me! Make me do whatever you want! You're my master! Make me crawl! Pleeeeeze! Whip me!" he cried.

Danny tore off his jockstrap and shoved the boy's face into his sweaty crotch. "Damn right, I'm gonna make you crawl! From now on, you're going to be my slave! You're gonna suck my cock, and eat out my ass, and lick my feet and get fucked, and do whatever I damn well want!"

The hot, raunchy smell of Danny's crotch drove Billy wild with lust. He licked feverishly up and down the rock-hard prick, then tongued the hairy, loose-hanging bull-nuts. Frantically, he slobbered all over his master's steaming cock and balls. Jerking on the boy's sweaty blond hair, Danny forced his aching prick into the slave boy's hungry mouth.

Billy could barely fit his lips around it, but he eagerly gulped on the red-hot cock, taking more and more of it into his soft, moist mouth.

Locking his hands behind the boy's neck, Danny pumped his hips, ramming his throbbing prick to the hilt down the boy's throat. Billy gagged at first, but his throat soon adjusted to the cock's massive width and length.

"Arrgghhh. Yeah! That feels real good. Keep it up, bitch!" Danny cried.

"Oh, shit! Suck that cock! Suck it!"

In and out the rock-hard prick flew, face fucking the pretty slave boy.

Danny could feel the cum building up in his balls. The boy could feel the huge cock becoming larger and harder inside his suctioning mouth.

In and out, in and out, Danny fucked the boy's face, crushing his tender lips against his soft, curly cockhair. Billy reached up to play with the massive

balls as he sucked for all he was worth. They were hard, and smooth, and very hot.

Pleasure was now surging from deep within Danny's guts. His hips became a blur as he pumped up his fuck-juice. Each slide of the boy's mouth and lips on his boiling cock was a sweet, excruciating sensation. His body was dripping with sweat, his beautiful muscles rigid. Faster and faster, he pumped into the slave boy's mouth.

He finally cried out. "Arrrggghhh, shit!"

He crushed the boy's head to his crotch and shot blast after creamy blast of hot white cum, in the slaveboy's choking throat. Billy gagged and swallowed convulsively, but the rich spunk squirted out through his lips, splattering the stud boy's muscled belly.

Danny slumped onto the carpet. Without being told to, Billy began cleaning the cum and sweat off his master's steaming prick, licking up every stray drop of the thick, sweet cum. When he had finished, the boy looked submissively into his master's eyes, awaiting his next command.

Danny smiled crookedly. "You liked it, didn't you boy?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Sir!" Billy replied. "I loved it, Sir!"

"What are you going to do for me when I come over every night?"

"Anything you want, Sir! I'll suck your cock, and eat out your ass, and lick you all over, and spread my checks so you can fuck my ass, and..."

"You want this cock up your ass?" Danny interrupted, wagging his semi-hard prick.

"Oh yes, Sir! I've never had a real cock up my ass before, Sir. I've been using the end of a broom handle to fuck myself, and sometimes I get cucumbers from the garden."

Danny laughed. "Well, from now on all your ass is ever gonna need is right here!"

Billy bent down to give his master's big cockrod a slobbery kiss. Danny noticed the boy's cock was still standing at rigid attention against his belly. He sat up, spreading his legs wide on the carpet. He pulled the boy into the same position in front of him and told Billy to hook his thighs over his own. Their balls nestled warmly against each other.

Billy shuddered at the contact with his muscular master's body. The older boy spit a gob of saliva onto his hand and smeared it all over the boy's jerking cockrod. Billy squirmed with pleasure. As Danny fisted the boy's cock with one hand, Danny pulled the boy's face toward his.

Their mouths met in a hot, slobbery kiss. The older boy stabbed his tongue into the blond boy's mouth, sucking on his soft tongue. Billy moaned softly and hunched his hips to meet his master's stroking hand.

Danny could feel the boy's thighs trembling.

The older boy's spit-slicked fist pounded faster and faster. Billy grunted and writhed as the handsome teenager pleased him. Suddenly, his body dissolved in a long, moaning rush of pleasure. His spunk filled the older boy's hand and spilled over his fist in blast after scalding blast.

Squeezing the last of Billy's cum from his spasming cock, Danny wiped his hand on the boy's hair and face. "I want this shit on you, so don't wash it off," he ordered. "I want you to go to bed with your own juice all over your face. I want you to smell it as you go to sleep, and I want you to smell it when you wake up. I want you to remember how it got there and who made it shoot!"

The satiated slave boy sighed contentedly, his blond head slumped against his master's shoulder. His tongue licked softly at the older boy's mounded pec, then trailed into his pungent armpit. Danny lifted his arm over the boy's head, giving Billy access to the deep, sweaty pit.

Billy washed the wiry hair with his spit, caressing the wet flesh with his lips and tongue. He loved the rich, funky taste of his master's hairy, sweaty underarms. When Danny at last pulled him away by the hair, he dove for

the other pit. Enjoying the tongue bath, Danny allowed the boy to have his fill of sweat and stink, then pulled him away.

He dragged Billy over to the bed and ordered him to lick his fingers.

"Now, stick your fingers up your ass one at a time," he instructed.

Billy squatted between Danny's legs and began fingering himself. The stud-boy enjoyed the spectacle of his butt-boy finger-fucking his own ass, sticking one finger after another into his tight little asshole.

The boy's eyes were closed, his lips pursed. He could hardly wait for the big, fat cock he knew he was going to get. Danny ordered Billy onto the floor on all fours then went over to the laundry bag and pulled out a bunch of the old, cummy, piss-stained, crotch-reeking jock straps. Billy was kneeling on the carpet, head and shoulders to the floor, his slender, legs spread wide, fingers flying in and out of his asshole.

"That's what I want to see," Danny encouraged, "my little girl getting her ass pussy ready for her man."

Danny ran the jocks through his fingers. "Where'd you get all these jocks, asshole?"

Billy blushed and stammered, "I... I hung around the locker room down at school and ripped them off while the guys were in the showers."

Danny chuckled. "A jockstrap freak, huh? You like sniffing that good stud crotch smell, don't you, bitch?"

The hunky teen master bent down and stuck two fingers between Billy's lips and pried his mouth open. He wadded up two of the dirtiest jockstraps and thrust them into the boy's mouth, gagging him. He slipped another jock around Billy's head, jamming the thin ass straps, between the boy's teeth like a bit. He topped off the head restraints with another jock, the pouch fitted tightly over the boy's mouth and nose.

The slave boy loved it!

Roughly, Danny kneaded the boy's rosy cheeks, then started slapping the taut flesh. Harder and harder, his hands smashed against the slaveboy's reddening cheeks. Billy moaned and thrust back to meet the punishment.

The teenaged stud stood up and picked up his belt. He wanted to give his butt-boy something to really moan about. The thick leather belt jerked and made the assflesh quiver, leaving an angry red welt. Again and again and again, the cruel belt lashed the young sexslave's ass.

Billy's tight bubble-butt turned redder and redder as he groveled and whimpered on the floor. Aroused by the pain and humiliation he was inflicting on his helpless pussy-boy, the muscular teenager whipped his cockmeat with one hand as he whipped the boy's ass mercilessly with the other.

It was time to break in Billy's hot little asshole. Drooling a thick wad of spit onto his fingers, Danny knelt behind Billy and thrust two fingers roughly into the boy's asshole. The slave boy gasped with surprise, but was soon pushing back onto Danny's fucking fingers.

Billy's ass was hot and tight. The boy bucked his ass, pushing his master's fingers deeper into his craving asshole. He spit again between Billy's cheeks, lubricating the boy's fluttering asshole. Then he placed his monster cockhead against the boy's asslips and shoved it in.

The slaveboy's head reared and his body stiffened. A muffled groan of pain escaped through the jock gag. Danny smashed the doubled-up belt on the side of the boy's ass.

"Shut up cunt!" he spat. "You're gonna take my big cock up your ass just like you take that shitty broomstick. I'm gonna give you the kind of fucking you're gonna beg for every night from now on. Yeah! So shut up and take it! Unnnngghhh! Get fucked, bitch!"

The domineering young stud rammed his cock all the way into his pussy-boy's helpless asshole. The boy's ass was incredibly hot, tight, and smooth. Danny drew back, and then plunged his cock in again, to the hilt.

It felt great to Billy to be so completely controlled and punished by a big, beautiful, muscular stud. The huge, excruciating cock ravaging his ass made him feel complete in a way he had craved for so long.

The boy thrust back his ass, wanting to impale himself completely on the big, hot horse-cock, welcoming the pain, waiting to be stuffed, penetrated and possessed by his hot, domineering teenage master. Danny gave, him what he wanted, stabbing his cock to the hilt into the trembling boy's ass.

For the boy, the terrible pain slowly began turning into a warm, sliding ecstasy as the fat cockrod massaged his prostate. Danny's cock would slide out to the head, and then would come that sweet, terrible plunge all the way in until the boy could feel his master's huge hairy balls slapping against his asscheeks.

Again and again, the stud-boy's raping cock expertly fucked his pretty young victim. Danny could feel the cum churning up from his balls, boiling up in the hot, excruciating sweetness of orgasm. He squeezed his butt-boy tighter around the waist, jerking rapidly on his slender cock.

His hips were a blur, pumping in and out of the clenching asshole. His teeth found the boy's soft neck and bit deep. The slave boy moaned and trembled, maddened by the pleasure-pain.

The violent slamming of Danny's cock into his ass felt so good! Billy felt his cum getting ready to shoot. Danny's slick, pumping fist was getting him there fast. The dominating older boy shook with the rush of his mounting pleasure. His fucking became irregular, then slower and slower, each thrust more excruciatingly hot than the last. His slave boy's smooth, slender body bucked and squirmed.

They came together, Danny shooting deep into Billy's spasming asshole as the slave boy's cream shot through his master's fingers.

The two boys slumped exhausted to the floor, a tangle of heaving, sweaty bodies. Eventually, Danny dragged himself to the bed while his slave boy knelt beside him. Billy put his hands up to his face and looked at his master for permission to remove the jock restraints.

"OK," Danny muttered.

Freeing himself, Billy began licking his master's body. He licked Danny's hot, gleaming muscles clean from head to toe. Slowly, lovingly, he licked and sucked all the sweat and cum from the stud boy's hunky body.

Glancing at the clock on Billy's bedside, the teenager realized he had stayed way past the two hours he was supposed to have spent tutoring the boy. It wouldn't do to appear too dedicated.

He counted to three and jumped off the bed. He caught a quick shower in Billy's bathroom and got dressed. On his way out, he remembered to grab a couple of Billy's porno magazines and stuff them into his waistband under his shirt.

"Insurance," he smiled at Billy, patting his stomach.

The boy was sitting crosslegged on the bed, looking downcast. "I wish you didn't have to go, Sir."

Danny smiled. "Like to spend the night with my cock up your ass, huh?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Well, we'll have plenty of time for that when I come over for the weekend."

The slave boy smiled contentedly. "Yes, Sir! Good night, Sir."

CHAPTER THREE

The next day at school, Danny sauntered into the gym during his last free period. The place was deserted. He decided to do a few sets in the weight room, then go to his last class.

He stripped down to a bulging jock. He liked to work out almost naked; it gave him more freedom of movement. Throwing his clothes in the locker, he headed for the weight room at the other end of the gym.

As he passed the venetian-blinded plate glass window of the coaching office, he noticed some movement between the bottom of the blind and the top of the windowsill. Curious, Danny paused to listen.

The voices were those of Head Coach Len Johnson, and that hunky new Assistant Coach, Randy Lovett. Randy was a pretty cool guy, right out of college. In violation of school rules he insisted that the boys call him Randy, instead of Mr. Lovett. Danny had come to like the muscular, sandy-haired young stud with the easy smile. In fact, he had sort of a crush on him.

Danny crouched down to peer into the office through the crack in the blind. He nearly fell, over backward when he saw what was happening in there. Coach Johnson was bent over the desk bare-assed. Next to him stood Randy, wearing nothing but a very well-filled jockstrap.

The younger man had a paddle in one hand and was pulling and twisting the whistle cord around Johnson's neck. The older man's face was red, like he was choking, and his muscular ass bore livid paddle marks.

Danny could hardly believe his eyes. Coach Johnson was a great big bully of a man, with massive chest and arms, and powerful, muscular legs. But now, the terror of Columbia High School's playing fields was meekly bending over a desk, paddled and punished by a cocky, younger assistant coach.

Danny reached down to massage his rapidly swelling jock as he took in the unbelievably hot scene. Coach Johnson was groaning in pain, and Coach Lovett was sneering at him.

"What's the matter, big man, can't you take a little punishment?" Randy sneered. "You know, you're getting soft, baby. Maybe I need to step up your punishment schedule!"

Lovett punctuated his threat with a hard whack of the paddle. A couple more little red stars appeared on the big man's ass.

The young coach laughed. "Man, you ought to see yourself. I ought to turn you out into the halls just like this, let all the faculty and kids see what their big coach really is, a fuckin', paddle-whipped slave!"

"Oh please, Randy, nooo!" Johnson pleaded.

"Oh, please, Randy, nooooo!" Randy mimicked. "Take it, pussy! You know you love it!"

Johnson knew his tormentor was right. He did love it! He'd been made to love it, and now he couldn't live without being punished, degraded, and forced to serve his hot stud assistant.

It had all begun a year ago when Randy Lovett had been a graduating college senior.

Columbia High needed an assistant coach so off went Coach Johnson to try to rope in some frisky young colt looking for a job. When he met Randy he was struck by the young stud's unusually attractive face and body. The masculine young man's handshake was strong almost painful. His eyes were an arrogant, electric blue, mocking, challenging eyes. They didn't quite go with the friendly, open smile. Randy was cordial, but seemed rather unimpressed by Johnson's pitch.

Johnson wasn't quite sure how to deal with this cocky young jock. There was something in those hard blue eyes that told him that this strangely fascinating young man was the type who could make himself be obeyed.

Randy picked up on the older stud's uneasiness. He wondered what it would be like to rope and master such a stallion of a man. Johnson's would-be colt was turning out to be the cowboy in the situation after all.

Testing the territory, Randy remarked with barely concealed insolence:

"You know, Johnson, there's one thing I'd want to be sure of if I went with Columbia. I kinda like to run my own show, know what I mean?" His eyes bore deep into the older man's. "I wouldn't want to be under a lot of supervisory hassles."

He half expected the older stud to laugh in his face and assert his authority. But Johnson found himself hemming and hawing, smiling weakly.

"Well, you sound like a pretty capable, take-charge type guy. I wouldn't worry about supervision. If you can handle the kids as well as I think you will, you won't get any hassles from me."

Randy smiled, wondering how far he could push things. He decided he was going to find out.

Dropping an arm casually around the older man's shoulders, he said in a low, casual tone, "Hey, stud, I gotta split. Big date. Could we talk some more about this later?"

Johnson heard himself saying: "Sure, anytime." He could not remember when he had ever allowed any snot-nosed young punk to treat him with such little respect and I get away with it.

"Great," said Randy. "Why don't you drop by my room at the house around midnight." Randy gave him directions and took off.

Johnson watched the young man's rounded asscheeks move as he walked toward the door. A whiff of masculine cologne mixed with fresh, young sweat lingered in his nostrils.

The hours until midnight were an agony of waiting. He wasn't sure what was going to happen, but he knew he couldn't wait to be under the spell of

that magnetic young hunk.

Delta Kappa Mu was a prestigious House, and a strict one. There were a great many rules and traditions, too many for the yokelish first year men to remember them all. Of course infractions had to be punished, and Randy, as Senior Monitor for pledges, greatly enjoyed administering that punishment.

He would bring the frightened young pledges up to his private rooms, tie them to an old gym horse, and paddle their round little bubble-butts till they cried for mercy. It didn't take too many sessions with Pledge Master Lovett to break most of the boys. When they had been properly broken, he graduated them to sucking cock and taking cock up their whipped little asses.

By mid-term, he had a whole crew of submissive, paddle-whipped pledges.

Randy's favorite, Lance, was a tall, wiry, auburn haired boy with a sweet, innocent face. His older brothers had broken him in as a sex slave at home and he had been taking whip and cock almost every day for years.

Now it was Randy who made him crawl, and he could never get enough. The boy was insatiable, with an incredible capacity for pain and abuse.

Tonight Randy was going to use Lance, and he was going to arrange for Coach Johnson to view the demonstration. It was about nine o'clock when Randy got back to the house. Randy instructed the boy on reception duty to direct Coach Johnson up to his rooms as soon as he arrived.

Around eleven Pledge Master Lovett summoned his favorite sex slave. Lance arrived immediately, wearing only a pair of faded blue gym trunks. His lanky body was taut with anticipation, his long, fat cock tenting up the loose shorts. It had been four whole days since his master had last used him. His nuts were bursting with pent-up frustration, but he was forbidden to touch himself without his master's express permission.

Silently closing the door behind him, Lance dropped his shorts, fell to his knees, and advanced, eyes to the floor, toward his master's chair.

Randy was sitting in an easy chair, legs spread, wearing only a shining black leather jock with star-shaped chrome studs along the waistband. His right hand played idly with the infamous riding crop that had broken down so many hard-ass studs.

Despite himself, Lance's eyes moved almost imperceptibly in the direction of the whip. To take his eyes from his master's face at this point was a breach of the elaborate etiquette which the two boys had created for these occasions. He knew that he would be punished for this transgression and he craved it madly.

The riding crop slashed across his chest, leaving a long, thin, red welt.

The slave boy's body trembled with pleasure and anticipation of more pain to come. Randy stood, dragging his slave by the hair. He squeezed his hand cruelly around the boy's cock and balls.

"You want this whip, don't you slave?"

"Yesss, please, Sir," Lance whimpered. "Whip your no-good asshole slave good, Sir! I need to get my no-good ass-pussy whipped hard, Sir!"

Holding onto his slave's cock and balls, Randy began to viciously whip the boy, Lance twitched and squirmed under the agony ecstasy of his master's lash. He reveled in the cruel punishment. His masochistic heart was full of gratitude to have found a stud who he could so completely control, degrade humiliate, and punish.

The whipping continued for about ten minutes, hardly enough to satisfy the insatiable Lance, but enough to excite him. Randy dropped the riding crop and lay back for one of Lance's hot and heavy tongue baths. For what seemed like an eternity, the boy's soft, slobbering tongue and lips licked and sucked all of his master's aroused body.

On and off, Randy face fucked him brutally almost to the brink of cumming, but then pulled off just in time.

At five minutes to midnight, his buzzer rang. That meant Coach Johnson was on his way up. Randy went to the door, opened it, and left it ajar.

Putting his black leather jock back on, he instructed Lance to kneel before him and lick his feet. The riding crop began to fall steadily on the slave's back and neck as he slobbered all over his master's sweaty feet. Randy heard footsteps approaching the door.

"Come on, punk! Clean my dirty feet!" he growled. The crop crashed again and again as Lance licked faster and faster.

Coach Johnson's eyes bugged out. "What the..."

"Oh, hi there, Johnson," Randy said casually. "Sorry I couldn't finish up this little discipline session before you got here. Lance here's been fucking up. Since I'm the freshmen Pledge Master, I get the job of whipping them into shape."

Dazed, Johnson stumbled over to the couch and collapsed onto it. He could not believe what he was seeing!

Randy Lovett, his All-American, clean-cut, straight arrow coaching prospect was standing there, brandishing a wicked-looking riding crop, naked except for a very brief black leather jockstrap. The dim light caressed his sweating body, sharply etching his hard, well defined muscles. The leather jock showed a huge, powerful bulge.

Groveling on the floor, the whipped slave boy was submissively licking the stud-boy's feet as the cruel riding crop lashed his twitching body.

The former quarterback was paralyzed with fascination. Dim, half forgotten memories flashed through his brain. His thick, powerful cock was becoming rock-hard.

Len Johnson had tried to put it all out of his mind, but he had never completely managed to forget what had happened to him one summer. His older cousin Tom had come to stay with them, working construction with Len's dad. Len shared his bedroom with the big, muscular college boy.

One night, shortly after he arrived, Tom crawled into bed with his young cousin and introduced the boy to the joys of mutual masturbation. The next few nights became an orgy of self-abuse as the two boys jacked each other off again and again, masturbating each other into exhaustion. Tom soon tried breaking Len in on cock-sucking.

The young teenager refused at first, but Tom had punched and slapped him, forcing him to take his fat cock all the way down his virgin throat. Next came the fucking. Tom had tied and gagged him, then brutally raped boy's cherry asshole.

Terrified, Len quickly became a crawling sex slave to the big, muscular college boy. All summer long, Len was fucked, forced to suck, to crawl for the domineering college stud. And always, there was that thick black leather belt, as painful as the riding crop Randy was now using on the helpless Lance.

Len Johnson had never wanted to admit it to himself, but he had learned to love being forced to serve. He had come to look forward to those long summer nights of degradation at his cousin's hands. But all too soon, it was over. At summer's end, Tom went back to college and Len never saw him again.

Full of guilt, the boy buried his wish to be a slave deep in the recesses of his mind. He had sublimated his deep desires for submission into aggressiveness. He'd gone out for football in high school and college, eventually making a professional team.

Unable to accept his homosexual desires, Len Johnson had led a celibate existence. His sex life consisted of occasional jack-off sessions, and nothing more. Now, after so many years, his careful, repressed existence was about to be turned topsy-turvy.

Randy's leering voice broke in on Johnson's reverie: "Hey Coach, wanna help me punish this asshole?"

"N-n-no."

"Ah, come on, man, he just needs a few more whacks. Then you and I can get down to business!"

Johnson caught the double meaning in the butch boy's words. He flushed beet-red and his cock jerked painfully. The older man stood up unsteadily.

"We don't want to get your nice clothes sweaty, Coach, so why don't you strip down?"

Johnson was embarrassed that Randy would notice his hard-on but, dumbly, he bared his massive, muscular body. The knot in his shorts was growing by the second.

Randy smiled lewdly as he eyed the older man's magnificent body up and down. As he handed Johnson the belt, the young stud's icy blue eyes bore deeply into him.

"Come on, Coach, let him have it!" Randy commanded.

Despite himself, Johnson laid on a weak first blow.

"Harder, man! Make him feel it!" Randy ordered as he squatted and pushed the boy's sweaty head down on his crotch. "Come on, boy! Suck my cock while the big man whips your no good ass-pussy."

The domineering Pledge Master unsnapped his leather jock and stabbed his steel-hard cock into the freshman slave's mouth. As Coach Johnson lashed the boy's ass, Randy facefucked him viciously. Finally, the older man lost all inhibition. He wrestled his rampant cock out of his shorts and began to furiously beat his meat.

Randy admired Johnson's horsecock. It was so big and thick, the man could hardly close his fist around it. Randy wondered what it would do to Lance's rosy little asshole.

"Hey, Coach! Why don't you pump a load into little Lance here?"

The big man seemed to hesitate, then he dropped to his knees to obey. He spit on his hands and slicked his cock up and down. He pried apart Lance's

battered asscheeks and positioned his monstrous cockhead against the helpless boy's asspucker.

As Randy again ordered him to fuck the shit out of the boy, the big man pushed his cockhead past the slaveboy's tight assring. Despite all the fucking had taken in his short life, Lance screamed Randy shoved his huge cock deep into the boy's throat, shutting off his wail of pain. Johnson pushed his cock deeper and deeper into the slaveboy's tortured asshole, until all twelve inches were buried to the hilt in the tight, wet, ass sheath.

Drawing the monster cock, out almost to the head, the lust-crazed coach began pumping into the boy's ass. Savagely, the ex-football player and the young jock raped the helpless pretty little freshman pledge, front and back, plunging their cocks deep into their young victim's throat and asshole.

After a while, Randy pulled his dripping cock out of Lance's suctioning mouth and walked over behind the coach. He spread his legs and sat down on the big man's brawny shoulders. His cock flopped alongside the big bull neck, butting against Johnson's jaw, while his big balls nestled at the nape of his neck. The cocky jock twined his fingers into the older man's thick hair and pulled.

"Come on, stud! Ride that ass! Fuck him!" He yanked on the man's hair and dug his heels into his flanks, riding him like a horse. Randy dismounted briefly to fetch his riding crop. Then, he mounted Johnson again and started whipping the man's ass from side to side, like a cowboy whipping his horse.

Plowing his horsecock in and out of Lance's ass, the older stud groaned harshly. The pleasure-pain was making the cum boil in his nuts. Suddenly, he felt something hard and slick pressing against his own, long-unused asshole. With a lewd yell of triumph, the dominating young jock plunged his cock deep into the coaches asshole. Johnson screamed in pain, but continued his own fucking of young Lance.

Soon, the pain in his asshole turned into a warmth he had nearly forgotten. Yes, he wanted it! He wanted to be fucked by this beautiful young stud! He wanted to be used and whipped, just like his big cousin Tom had used and whipped him so long ago.

"Fuck me!" he screamed. "Fuck me, stud! Rip my ass apart!"

Randy plunged his cock viciously in and out of the older stud's asshole, whipping his flanks with the cruel riding crop. "Yesssss!" he hissed.

"Whip me, hurt me, make me feel it! Show me who's boss, stud! Ride my ass hard!"

The coach came convulsively into Lance's ass at the same time that Randy shot his wad into the coach's own ravaged asshole. He had been the young stud's slave ever since.

CHAPTER FOUR

The scene they were now playing in the coaching office was a familiar one. The paddle smashed painfully against the coach's ass and Johnson whimpered and begged his muscular master to stop. Actually, he was capable of taking a lot more punishment, but begging and pleading enhanced the degradation of it all the cock of the arrogant young assistant coach liked to hear his slave beg.

Peering through the crack in the office window blind, young Danny Wilde was whacking his meat for all he was worth, incredibly turned on by the hot action.

"On my ass, slave!" Coach Lovett ordered. "Get on your fucking knees and eat me!"

Coach Johnson jumped to obey. He loved to suck on his young master's funky, sweaty asshole. Groveling on his knees, he pried apart the young man's cheeks and licked feverishly, deeply inhaling the rich, funky smell. His tongue found the rosy sphincter and stabbed at it again and again.

Randy groaned with pleasure. He rocked his hips back and forth, letting the head coach's tongue wash back and forth between his asshole and his balls. Johnson licked and sucked, enjoying the pleasure he was giving the domineering young stud, relishing his own degradation. His jaws eventually began to ache but he kept up the rim-job. His role was to serve and pleasure his man, not to worry about himself.

Back and forth, he licked. In and out, he stabbed his tongue into the funky ass. Over and over again, he sucked at the juicy asshole. His mouth existed for no other purpose than to pleasure his master's ass.

Danny was rapidly bringing himself to orgasm with his flailing fist as he watched Coach Johnson slavishly servicing the hunky young assistant coach. His cock throbbed as he imagined himself in the young coach's place, forcing the muscular football player to pleasure him.

Lovett had pulled Johnson off his ass and was now giving him a brutal face-fucking.

Trapped on his knees between a desks and his master's powerfully muscled thighs, the older man's head cracked against the desk edge with each savage fuck-thrust. Knowing that he was hurting the man as he forced him to suck enhanced Randy's feeling of mastery.

His thrusting became irregular now as he felt himself getting closer and closer to cumming. The suctioning slave could feel his hot young master's cock twitch and expand. He sucked madly on the steely nine-inch cock, whipping his tongue all over it as it plunged in and out of his mouth.

He loved the feel of the incredibly rigid prick as it raped his face. He loved being on his knees in front of a beautiful young stud, taking cock down his throat -- forced to serve!

Rape my face, baby, he screamed in his mind. Shoot your beautiful cum down my throat. Make your slave take you down to the balls!

The two muscular athletes were lost in ecstasy as the huge prick thrust savagely in and out of the wet, suctioning mouth. Randy was almost there.

"Take it!" he screamed. "I'm gonna shoot down your no-good throat!"

Yeahhhhh! Suck! Suck!"

With one last, savage lunge, Randy shot a long, hot stream of sweet cum down his slave's throat.

A second later, outside the coaching office, Danny Wilde also shot his wad. As he wiped his sticky fingers on his jockstrap, he suddenly felt very exposed, crouching out there in the open with his hard cock in his hand, dripping cum. He looked into the office one last time. Coach Johnson was submissively licking Coach Lovett clean.

Danny tiptoed toward his locker and threw on his clothes. Later, sitting through a boring biology lesson, the young stud's cock grew hard in his

tight jeans as he thought back on the incredible scene he had witnessed in the coaching office. He sure would love to put Coach Johnson on his knees in front of him and pay him back for all the times the man had verbally and physically abused him in front of his team mates.

Now that he knew that Johnson was into crawling, Danny was going to figure out a way to give him what he craved. In the meantime, his young slave Billy would continue to satisfy the muscular teenager's every sexual whim, whenever he snapped his fingers!

Danny drove directly from school to the Harrington house for another session with his pretty, blond slave. There was no one at the house, except old Mrs. Hawkins, puttering around in the kitchen. The housekeeper told Danny the boy was probably visiting his friend Dean down the road.

Danny got Dean's number from the old lady, went into the study, and ordered Billy to return to the house immediately.

The young teenager hadn't meant to be late. In fact, he had been looking forward to Danny's visit all day, wondering what exciting new degradations and sexual acts his master was going to "force" him into.

However, the story his friend Dean had been telling him had made him completely lose track of time. Now, as he pedaled back to the house, he knew Danny would punish him. That prospect filled him half with dread and half with anticipation. But whatever happened, Billy knew his master would be interested in the story his friend Dean had just told him.

Dean Blake was from a wealthy family, just like Billy. A few months before, his millionaire father had died, leaving everything to his slutty, alcoholic stepmother. Dean's real mother had run off with another man when Dean was two years old. His father had then married his secretary, a cunning middle-aged divorcee, who knew how to cater to the old man while concealing her vices from him.

Dean had never liked his stepmother. He was glad when his father had insisted that his older, twin stepbrothers live apart from them. In Dean's

opinion, they were as bad as their mother. Old Blake had scarcely been buried when the third Mrs. Blake had taken charge with a vengeance.

Her first act was to summon her sons to live with her and Dean at the mansion.

The twins, Rick and Bob, turned out to be brutally handsome replicas of each other. But, taking their cue from Mrs. Blake, they were unfriendly and arrogant toward their little stepbrother.

In short order, the older boys had stripped the helpless Dean of all his valued possessions, most of which were really of no interest to them.

They were going to teach the little asshole a lesson in being an unwanted stepchild. Dean had no choice but to try to adapt to the new situation as best he could. His stepbrothers decided they wanted his large, upstairs bedroom as a game and party room, so Dean was evicted.

His stepmother informed him that he would have to earn his keep by doing housework. Snickering, she ordered him to move into a small, windowless maid's cubicle in the basement. The cleaning maid had been fired, and now Dean was forced to do all the cleaning in the large house. Rick and Bob had also made the boy into their personal valet, making him wash and iron their clothes, shine their shoes, and perform a hundred little services and errands for them.

Billy could hardly believe what was happening to his poor friend. After making their stepbrother into their personal servant, the twins had taken to beating him whenever they found fault with his services.

At first, he was only slapped or punched a few times. Then they started taking down his pants and whipping his ass with a belt. The whippings were getting worse, and more frequent. They would take off all his clothes and make him kneel in front of one of them sitting in a chair.

His head would be shoved down into Rick's or Bob's crotch, and the seated boy would clamp hold of his arms. Then, his older stepbrother would lay a strap to his ass and back mercilessly.

As he groaned his pain into his stepbrother's bulging crotch, Dean would feel the large cock swelling harder and harder, pushing insistently against his open mouth. Every time they beat him, the two muscular teenagers developed huge, roaring hard-ons in their shorts. When they'd finish with him, they would look at each other excitedly and then rush off together to one of their rooms and lock the door.

His story had given Billy a roaring hard-on. His slender young prick was beating insistently inside his tight cut-offs. Billy was sure the gorgeous blond twins were going to make their cute little step-brother into their sex slave. They were just taking a little longer with it than Danny had taken with Billy. He wondered what his master would make of all this.

"You're fuckin' late, asshole!" Danny snapped as Billy pedaled up the drive to the house.

The older teenager had been waiting for him outside. There was a thick, thorny switch in his hand. Danny yanked the boy off the bike and dragged him by the hair into the woods.

As they entered the leafy darkness, he started whipping the backs of Billy's legs with the switch. When they were far enough into the woods, he ordered the boy to strip. The young boy obeyed, trembling. Danny made the boy kneel, and then pushed his head down on the ground. His rosy cheeks were up in the air, ready for punishment.

The switch made a swooshing sound as it cut through the air and crashed onto the exposed ass. The thorns left a pattern of bloody pinpricks on the tender flesh as the switch flew up and down.

"Spread your cheeks with your hands so I can punish that no-good ass!" Danny ordered.

The boy obeyed, exposing his tender ass pucker to the punishing switch.

When his cock was finally hurting hard Danny ordered Billy to get his cock out and suck it. Painfully twisting his slaveboy's ears, he fucked his face up and down on his hot, ten-inch cock.

Billy whipped his tongue frantically up and down the rock-hard prick as it raped his mouth, tasting the salty pre-cum, enjoying the velvet-smooth hardness filling his soft, wet mouth. Danny deep-fucked the boy's mouth, making his throat contract around the swollen cockhead. Violently, he face-fucked the boy for a few minutes, then pulled his spit glistening cock out of the slobbering mouth.

"Lick my balls, slave!" he ordered.

Billy took a deep breath and plunged his tongue between his master's muscular thighs. Lovingly, he suckled and kissed the bull-sized nuts until they were dripping wet. The pungent, sweaty smell of the butch teenager's crotch acted as an aphrodisiac. The wild, masculine odor sent the slaveboy into a frenzy of licking and sucking. He was salivating like an excited dog, dribbling spit all over the older boy's balls and thighs.

He could feel his master's fist banging against his forehead as he masturbated himself faster and faster. He knew Danny would cum soon.

Billy crawled around and pried apart his master's muscular asscheeks. His tongue found the tight, rosy asshole and began to lick at it. The older boy moaned and bent his legs, squatting to give his slave better access.

Billy attacked the funky asshole with a vengeance, plunging his pointed tongue deep into the tight sphincter, then suctioning at it with his cheeks and lips. Danny was lost in the double pleasure his pounding fist and his slave's hot, wet mouth were giving him.

"That's it, bitch! Eat your master's ass!"

He stroked his inflamed cockrod faster and faster as the blond slaveboy expertly pleased his asshole. The familiar hot rush of pleasure began surging from his cockroot, higher, inch by inch, until he screamed. The shiny white cum shot in a wide arc from the spasming cock.

Only a few feet away, behind some bushes, another pool of cum formed on the muddy forest floor. It was Rick Blake, one of the twins who had been

tormenting Billy's friend Dean. Silently, the blond boy wrestled his ten inch cock into his shorts and stole away.

After their hot little session in the woods, Billy wanted to tell Danny what had been going on over at the Blake house. But the older boy was in no mood for talking. He marched Billy back to the house and ordered him to do his homework. For the next two hours, the boy worked on his lessons as his tutor looked on, Danny went through some of the more difficult math problems with him, and made him rewrite his English composition twice. No one would be able to say he wasn't doing his job.

Meanwhile, the peeping twin, Rick, had gone back to his house. He couldn't wait to tell his brother Bobby what he had just seen in the woods a gorgeous, black-haired young stud working over the kid next door.

He found Bobby sunning himself out by the pool.

The late afternoon sun bathed the muscled young man's body, giving his tan a golden sheen. Sweat and suntan oil glistened on his full, rounded muscles. There was a thick, swollen mound inside his white, bikini briefs. Rick admired his twin's beautiful body. It was identical in every way to his, down to the powerful ten-inch cock.

The two brothers had been having sex with other guys for years, but nothing was as good for them as making it with each other. They had started playing with each other as little boys and never stopped. As soon as they were able to shoot, they were sucking the cum out of each other's fast-growing cock, then opening up each other's virgin asshole. While other young boys were jacking off into their sheets, Rick and Bobby were sucking and fucking up a storm every night in their bedroom.

A familiar feeling of lust began to stiffen Rick's, prick as he gazed at his golden twin. He smiled and knelt beside him on the blanket. Rick reached for the suntan oil bottle and poured some on his palms, slapping it down playfully on his brother's belly.

Bobby rolled his eyes in mock horror and panted, "Oh, beat me, beat me! I love it when you're masterful!"

Rick's hands slid up his brother's corded belly and started kneading his beefy, square shaped pecs. He let his fingers brush gently against the small, copper-colored nipples. They erected instantly and he pinched them, gently at first, then harder and harder. Bobby started moaning and thrashing on the blanket.

"Don't you want to hear about what I just saw?" Rick teased.

"Shit! I don't we!" Bobby answered.

Rick's expert fingers were making Bobby really hot. All he wanted was for his brother to get him off. Rick was enjoying his brother's hot, throbbing predicament and decided to take it slow. He poured more suntan oil on his hands and, drawing lazy rings on the golden skin with his fingers, he began to tell his panting brother what he'd seen in the woods.

In vivid detail, he described how he'd seen Danny drag Billy into the woods, whipping him with a switch. And how the beautiful stud with the wavy black hair and green eyes had pushed the pretty blond boy's face into the mud and laid that switch to his trim little bubble-butt.

Rick's fingertips played gently in his brother's moist armpits as he described Danny's brutal whipping of his slave boy. Bobby's cock was soon steel-hard.

Rick continued describing Billy's punishment in hot detail as his hands traveled down to the sensitive insides of his brother's thighs. "Man, he really laid that switch to the kid's ass, put bloody welts all over it."

Bobby twitched violently as his brother's slick, oily fingers dug into his bursting bikini.

"And the kid just took it. He just lay there with his face in the fuckin'

mud and sort of whined real low, like a little dog, like a puppy." With a yank, Rick tore the white briefs down his brother's thighs.

He grabbed the rampant cock and slicked warm suntan oil up and down the steely ten inches of hot, teen-stud cock. He fisted up and down with one hand on the shaft while the other swirled maddeningly on the thick, meaty head. Bobby moaned and tossed, abandoning himself to the hot pleasure his twin was giving him.

As his hands moved, Rick continued his story. "Finally, he just grabbed the kid by the ears and stuck that humongous cock in his mouth. The guy's got twelve-inches easy! So he starts face-fucking the kid and the kid takes him all the way down, right down to the ball hairs. Gad, it was hot!"

Rick's hands continued their expert pleasuring of his brother's burning cockshaft as he continued to relate every dripping hot detail of the slave scene in the woods.

"You know, that Harrington kid is really pretty well-hung for his age. He had a fuckin' hard-on the whole time, even when the other stud was whipping him."

Rick now had a couple of fingers flying in and out of his brother's clenching asshole, as his other hand flew up and down the hot, aching prick.

Bobby's balls began to boil up a hot load of cum as his brother masturbated his rock-hard prick and finger-fucked his asshole. Up and down, in and out, Rick's hands expertly sexed his brother.

"And then he made him lick his balls. The kid really went to town, lickin' and slobberin' like crazy. And the whole time, the stud's jackin'

off that big, fuckin' cock, faster an' faster -- hot as shit!"

Rick could feel the thick undercord of Bobby's cock expand inside his fist. He plunged his mouth on his brother's pulsating shaft and sucked fiercely. Bobby came in his brother's soft, suctioning mouth, shooting his creamy wad deep down Rick's throat, making it squirt out of his mouth.

He kept his brother's cockhead firmly wedged inside his throat until his last spasm of pleasure subsided. Then he gently, licked the cum and sweat from

his crotch. Rick had jacked off in the woods only a few minutes before, but going down on his brother had gotten him really hot again.

Bobby reached for his brother's bursting crotch, wanting to return the favor.

Rick's lips curled in a wicked grin. "Hey, I've got, a better idea. Don't you think it's about time we broke-in our sweet little stepbrother on some good ol' cock-sucking?"

Bobby looked doubtful. "What if he tells, man? He could really get us in trouble."

"Trouble? Shit!" Rick persisted. "He's so scared of us already, he wouldn't dare open his trap. Come on, Bob, aren't you looking forward to sticking that big, hot cock of yours into that tight little virgin asshole?"

The thought of raping cute little Dean's rosy little hole finally won Bobby over. "OK, OK, you win! How're we going to do it?" Excitedly, the golden twins drew their plans against their helpless stepbrother.

CHAPTER FIVE

Back at the Harrington estate, Danny and Billy had finished the boy's school lessons. Now the older boy was teaching his young slave other, more enjoyable lessons, like how to suck cock properly. The muscular young stud lay naked on the bed in a half-sitting position while the boy crouched between his legs.

Danny guided the boy's soft, slobbering mouth all over his cock and balls, snapping the slave boy's back with the switch whenever his mouth didn't caress his crotch just right. Danny was making the boy into an expert suck-slave.

Billy was in ecstasy as he licked, sucked, and slobbered all over his master's crotch. He loved the feel of the young stud's ten-inch cock in his mouth, so hard, yet smooth as velvet. He knew that he was expertly pleasuring his master and it made his own cock snap hard against his belly. He loved the pain of the switch on his back, too.

The switch made him feel controlled, secure. It reminded him that his main purpose in life was to service this beautiful young stud, to crawl before him, to take his cock in his mouth and up his ass, to caress every inch of his master's butch, muscular body.

Before Danny raped Billy's tender asshole again, he made the slave boy worship his body from head to toe with his mouth. His armpits, asshole, feet, his whole body glistened with spit before he fucked the boy. Billy was so turned on he came midway through the fucking.

For the evening finale, Danny dragged the boy into the bathtub and pissed all over his face and down his throat, giving the ecstatic slave boy his first taste of rich, yellow, hot, satisfying, foaming stud-piss.

In the house down the road, the twins were starting in on their little brother. Rick and Bob had decided to have some afternoon dinner drinks in their

game room, with their stepbrother doing the honors. Bob summoned Dean from his basement cubicle over the intercom.

"Get your ass up here on the double, pussy!" he barked.

The terrorized boy lost no time in presenting himself.

"Get in here and lock the door!" Rick snapped.

The twins were sprawled on easy chairs at each side of the room, wearing only jockstraps. Both were hard.

"Make us some drinks," Rick instructed. "A martini for me and scotch-on-the-rocks for Bob."

"Yes, Sir," the boy replied. He walked over to the well-stocked bar.

Neatly folded on top of the counter was a complete maid's uniform -- frilly apron, lace cap and all.

"This is going to be a formal affair," Rick laughed. "We want you to look your part."

Dean stared at the uniform, then at his stepbrother. "But Rick, I mean, Sir, this thing's for a girl!"

Rick snorted, "So, you're a little pussy aren't you?"

The young teenager blushed with bright red humiliation. "Please, Sir, don't whip me," he pleaded.

"Then put on the fucking uniform!" Bob snapped.

The twins were really getting off on the humiliation they were inflicting on the younger boy. Their fat cocks were now rock-hard, stretching their jockstraps to the breaking point. Numbly, Dean took off his clothes and began putting on the ridiculous, maid's uniform.

Suddenly, Rick jumped out of his chair. "Hey, wait a minute. There's something we gotta fix before you put on those nice mesh panty hose." He pulled out a roll of electrical tape and a pair of scissors out of one of the bar drawers. "You see, little maid's don't have cocks. It just wouldn't look right." He snickered.

Dean looked terrified.

"Hey, little brother, what are you looking so scared for? We're not gonna cut off your little weenie, not that anybody would miss it anyway."

Dean felt more and more frightened.

"All we're gonna do is tape it up and stick it back between your legs so your crotch will look like a real pussy. Now, just stand still!"

Dean started to back away, but Bob grabbed him and twisted his arm painfully behind his back.

"Move or say one word, and I'll break your fuckin' arm!"

Knowing his stepbrother was fully capable of carrying out his threat, Dean decided it would be better to submit to the indignity. Rick wound the electrical tape tightly around the boy's cock and balls, completely covering them with the sticky, black celluloid. He pulled hard between the boy's legs, drawing the bound genitals back toward his ass.

Looking at him from the front with his legs together, the boys were pleased to see that Dean's male equipment had completely disappeared. All that remained was the top of his lightly-haired groin.

Dean's face flamed with shame as he put on the pantyhose, bra, skirt, and blouse. Next came the lace apron and cap. Finally, a pair of high-heeled, black patent-leather shoes. The boy had never felt so embarrassed and humiliated. He was struggling hard not to cry.

The brothers laughed, making Dean feel more and more humiliated. "Now make those drinks, bitch!" Bobby ordered.

As he stepped around the bar with a tray in his hands, trying to keep his balance in the unfamiliar high heels, Rick shot a set of pictures of him with his camera. The boy looked alarmed.

Rick smirked. "Don't worry, little Deanna. We won't show these to anybody as long as you, behave yourself."

The boy was mortified at the thought of anyone seeing pictures of him dressed in that silly maid outfit. But there was nothing he could do. He was completely trapped, at the mercy of his cruel step-brothers.

The boy tottered over to Rick and offered him his drink. As he turned to offer Bob his, Rick tripped him. Dean stumbled and the tray went crashing to the floor, splattering Bob's legs with the spilled drink. The older boy was instantly on his feet.

"You fuckin' asshole!"

"It wasn't my fault. Rick tripped me," the boy protested. His tone was half-frightened, half-defiant.

"Now, Rick, did you really trip little Deanna?" Bob asked facetiously.

"Me?" Rick replied. "The little asshole is just clumsy, that's all. And he's getting a little disrespectful too. I think this calls for some corrective action."

Dean knew what that meant -- another vicious belt-whipping. "Oh please, Sir! Don't punish me! I'll clean everything up!"

"Shut your mouth, bitch!" Bob slapped the boy's face hard, snapping his head to one side. "Get down and wipe this shit off my legs!"

The boy started to mop his step-brother's legs with his apron, but was stopped by another sharp, stinging slap!

"Not with the apron, asshole. It'll get stained and how bitchy mother gets when we don't keep our clothes spotless. Wipe me with your hair, pussy!" the domineering teenager ordered.

Dean did not want to be beaten. He knelt to obey. Taking a hank of his almost shoulderlength chestnut hair in his hand, he started wiping his step-brother's muscular thighs. He worked his way down to the muscular calves, then reached the older boy's feet. When he had finished wiping them, he started to get up, but his step-brother's harsh voice stopped him.

"Down dog! Kiss my feet to show me how sorry you are."

Dean failed to obey. Things had gone too far. He raised his head, his voice choking with indignation. "No, I won't! I'm not going to kiss your stinking feet and you can't make me!"

Suddenly, he felt a sharp crack across his ass. Turning his head, he saw Rick was right behind him, brandishing a very mean looking riding whip.

"Bobby, this little bitch is learning to heel. We're gonna have to keep whipping her into shape!"

The riding whip flashed again, cracking on Dean's slender, shoulders through the thin blouse material. The boy suddenly saw red! He leaped up and hurled himself at Rick, fists flailing. The older boy stepped back, laughing. Bob grabbed him and threw a choking hammerlock around his neck.

While Bob held the struggling Dean, Rick brought out a couple of handcuffs. He locked one pair around the boy's ankles and the other around his wrists, behind his back. The young teenager was really helpless now. Together, the twins tore off the maid's blouse and skirt, leaving the pantyhose, bra, cap, and high heeled shoes on the boy.

Rick shoved the shackled boy onto his knees in front of Bob. "Now, bitch!

Kiss my brother's feet!"

He punctuated his order with a sharp crack of the riding crop across the boy's panty clad cheeks. Dean did not obey. Rick lashed him again.

Still no response. The boy was clinging hard to the rebellion he had finally found within himself. He was determined to stand up to his bullying step-brothers before he lost all self-respect.

"Well," Rick said to Bobby, "it looks like this might take a while so you may as well sit down and relax."

Bobby dragged Dean over to his chair and sat, forcing the boy's face down on his swollen jockstrap. He held him there while Rick began to whip Dean's ass methodically with the riding crop.

The crop was much more painful than the belt they had used on him before.

The boy soon felt nothing but the excruciating, burning pain in his ass.

Tears of agony began rolling down his face, his resolve crumbling under his step-brother's incessant whipping.

He tried to hang on, hoping Rick would give up and stop beating him. But Rick was really getting into it, whipping the cruel riding crop harder and harder on the boy's battered ass. The older teenager had a raging hard-on inside his bursting jockstrap. The swish of the riding crop, his victim's soft mewlings of pain, the flaming red asscheeks, the sight of his brother's own bursting jock humping the helpless boy's face were all driving him wild with lust.

Finally, Dean couldn't take it any more. Sobbing, he cried out, "Stop!

Oh, please! Stop! I'll do whatever you want! Please, Sir, don't hit me anymore!"

"Are you gonna be a good little puppy dog now and kiss your brother's feet like he told you to do?" He hit the boy again.

"Yes, Sir! I'll do whatever he says!"

Meekly, he lowered his face between Bobby's legs and began kissing the older boy's sweaty feet. The whipping had stopped but the boy's ass still burned with pain, although not as bad as before. With a great feeling of

release and relief, he kissed his step-brother's feet. Lovingly, he caressed them all over with his soft lips.

Rick reached inside his jock and started stroking himself as he watched Dean. When Bob ordered their young slave to suck on his toes, the boy obeyed instantly. He then ordered the boy to lick all the way up his legs into his crotch and spread his legs to give the boy access.

Dean just licked and slobbered like a little puppy. Putting his legs up on the edge of the chair, the muscular teenager pushed the slaveboy's face down into his funky asshole. The boy lapped eagerly at the pink, fluted asspucker. The musky, sweaty smell of the older boy's ass was very exciting to Dean. The soft, hairy asscrack felt surprisingly good to his tongue and lips.

He began sucking and licking with abandon, encouraged by Bob's appreciative moaning and groaning. The twins smiled at each other. The little asshole was finally getting into it. Little Dean was going to dig crawling, and the twins were going to make sure he crawled.

He was going to get whipped. He was going to lick, suck, and get fucked.

He was going to become a groveling sex-slave to the two horny studs. From now on, Dean was going to be on his knees, ready to serve whenever they snapped their fingers. Watching the slave boy passionately eating out Bob's asshole was too much for Rick.

He got out some lube and quickly greased up his steel-hard cock. He ripped off what was left of the tattered pantyhose they'd forced the boy to wear. Dean uttered a muffled moan, but didn't stop sucking on Bob's asshole when he felt Rick's slicked-up fingers probe inside his tight, virgin asshole. Rick briefly mass aged the tight sphincter, then began probing deeply into the boy's asshole. The tight anal ring loosened and the boy began pushing back onto Rick's fucking fingers.

The older boy pressed his rampant prick between the slave boy's battered asscheeks. The swollen cockhead found the soft, greasy asshole and it slipped in like a knife through butter. But then the boy's sphincter, still unused to being so stretched, snapped tight around Rick's massive cock.

A terrible jolt of pain ripped through the boy's slender body, a horrible, burning pain. Pulling his head out of Bob's ass, he screamed in agony. Bobby jammed a vial of poppers under his nose.

"Breathe deep!" he ordered.

The pungent fumes filled the boy's lungs and lights flashed inside his head. The terrible pain in his violated asshole faded and was slowly replaced by a warm, pleasurable sensation.

Bob gave the slave boy some more poppers, then stuffed his own raging prick into the boy's soft, slobbering mouth. Viciously, the twins raped their step-brother, stuffing the young teenager with hot, hard cock, front and back. The massive fucker raping his asshole was driving Dean wild. His cock jerked violently inside its tight tape sheath every time Rick's huge cockhead smashed against his prostate. His soft, wet mouth suctioned savagely on Bob's hot ten-inch cockrod as it fucked all the way down his throat.

In and out, the twins violated the helpless boy with their big, cruel cocks. Again and again, they plunged their savage cock sticks into their slave's willing body. They fucked him hard and deep, slowing down whenever they felt themselves getting too close. Bob would let his fucker rest deep inside the boy's throat, then pull out slowly, savoring the feel of the boy's soft, fluttering tongue. Matching his brother's tempo, Rick sodomized the boy with long, languid strokes, letting his inflamed cock fully enjoy the soft, squishy sensations of Dean's tight, hot asshole.

Dean was lost in a world of throbbing cocks and sweaty, muscular bodies, floating with the thrilling sensations of hard, pounding sex. The incessant beating of Rick's big prick on his agonized prostate was finally too much for the boy. He felt a deep shudder of pleasure surge through him. His slender body thrashed and convulsed as he came. The powerful blast squirted through the tape binding his cock and balls, dripping onto the floor.

Above him, Rick and Bob leaned toward each other, their mouths locking, in a deep, passionate kiss. The sweating blond teenagers stabbed their seeking tongues into each other's mouth, intensifying the pleasure surging

through their fucking cocks. At last, the burning thrill of cumming started slowly up their massive cocks.

They had been working the kid for over an hour, fucking their big pricks into the boy's throat and asshole again and again and again. Now, dripping with sweat and close to exhaustion, the two studs finally abandoned themselves to the ultimate pleasure.

Their pent-up orgasms buzzed through their bodies like an electrical current. Deep, deep into their slave boy's writhing body the twin studs shot their loads, blast after blast of identical, sweet, white cum!

CHAPTER SIX

Jake Richards was one of the star athletes at the high school. All the girls lusted after him and all the boys envied him. He had a lean, beautifully muscled body. His hair was a soft honey color which blended a dozen shades of blond. He wore it parted in the middle. He tried to keep the sidelocks tucked behind his ears, but the fine, straight hair was always feathering over his forehead. His hair and his deep blue eyes gave him an appealing look of innocence.

Coach Lovett had felt an instant attraction for Jake the first moment he'd seen the boy take down another stud in a wrestling match. The boy had been wearing a tight, white wrestling suit with no T-shirt underneath. The thin shoulder straps cut grooves across his meaty, square-shaped pecs and well-developed lateral muscles. The high-cut leg holes of the suit showed white triangles on the outside of his thighs, where his swim suit had covered them from the sun.

A few wiry pubes could be seen curling out of the tight, stretchy fabric.

At the crotch, the cloth was stretched to the breaking point by the thick, curling hose of his cock.

For a while now, Coach Lovett had been looking for a hot young stud to

"train" in the fully equipped gym/slave dungeon he and Coach Johnson had built in the basement of the older man's house. Here, the domineering young coach could give the stud the training he craved, in complete privacy.

Randy felt himself quickly hardening as he watched the beautiful young hunk straining his body against another bumpy teenager. Randy wanted to grapple with the boy bare ass bodies gleaming with oil. It would be a winner take-all match, with the victor taking the body of the vanquished as prize, to use and abuse as he wished.

Of course, seducing a student could be a very risky enterprise, especially if it turned out the boy wasn't interested. Fortunately, the young wrestler had two classes with Lovett, giving the coach an opportunity for daily contact with him in addition to their time in the gym. He had an excuse to take a personal interest in the boy and ask his other teachers about him.

The horny young coach soon determined that his star wrestler seldom dated, seemingly going out with girls only to sports banquets and other traditional events to which jocks were expected to take dates. Since Jake was handsome and outgoing and had all the girls crazy after him, Lovett became fairly certain the boy just wasn't interested in women.

He got to know Jake, taking every opportunity to engage him in conversation, draw him out. The teenager reciprocated his coach's interest. He often sought him out to talk. Lovett still wasn't entirely sure how the boy would respond to a come-on, but he decided his chances were good enough to take a risk.

One day, he asked Jake to step into the office after wrestling practice.

The coach said nothing at first, noting the boy's reaction as he stripped off his sweaty tank top and tight shorts. Naked except for a bulging jockstrap, Coach Lovett sensuously wiped the sweat off his body with a towel. He dried his chest and arms, pumping and flexing his muscles for the boy. Then he whipped the towel between his legs from behind and began drawing it slowly back and forth across his ass crack and crotch, rocking his hips slowly, erotically... Jake was gaping, his eyes staring, his mouth hanging open at his hot, masculine display.

Lovett looked directly into the teenager's baby blue eyes and smiled a lazy, eye-lidded smile. Jake blushed furiously.

"You know Jake, your wrestling is getting pretty good," the coach said, breaking the embarrassing silence. "I think you could probably take the State Championship this year if you work for it hard enough."

"Wow, the State Championship!" Jake was excited. "I'd do anything to win!"

You really think I have a chance?"

Lovett smiled his sexy, languid smile again. "I'm going to make sure you have a chance! I'm going to give you some extra personal attention.

Really whip you into shape! Would you like that?"

"You know I would, Coach!" The young teenager was basking in the older stud's attention.

Lovett explained what he had in mind -- a special training program, more wrestling practice and more weight lifting, increasing gradually until his capacity was tapped.

There would also be special, private lessons, just Lovett and Jake wrestling alone. The coach said he wanted to teach him some special tricks he'd learned in college. The young stud had no idea he was soon going to be learning a lot more than just wrestling holds. He eagerly agreed to everything, including the private lessons at Coach Johnson's house. Jake felt flattered that the dreaded head coach would consent to let him use his own private gym.

Lovett explained that it would be better if the other boys and school authorities did not know about their special arrangement, as they were a little unorthodox. Jake readily, agreed to keep the whole thing quiet. He was eagerly looking forward to his first session with Lovett that evening.

Randy ordered Johnson to make himself scarce that evening. The gym section of the basement was a large room, separated from the dungeon by a partition wall that had a door on it. A large section of the floor was covered with wrestling mats. Preparing for Jake's arrival Randy stripped down to a jockstrap, chosen from his large, collection because it was very old and worn. Randy knew his cock and balls were almost poking through the paper thin fabric.

He coated his muscles lightly with baby oil. The air in the room was warm and thick with a rich, masculine smell. He left several popper bottles open

around the gym and the pungent aroma added to the erotic, masculine atmosphere.

As he got dressed to go over to the coach's house, Jake felt butterflies in his stomach. Without quite knowing why, he made a special effort to look especially nice. He wore a yellow polo shirt and a pair of very tight Levi's. His clothes left no doubt about what the very attractive young man had going for him, all the way from his wide shoulders to the huge mound stretching out the denim at his crotch.

Arriving at Coach Johnson's house, he nervously rang the doorbell. It seemed like hours before the door opened. Then Coach Lovett stood there -
- almost bare ass naked -- smiling that cocky little smile of his.

"Hi ya, stud! Come on in. Gym's in the basement."

As Jake walked behind the hunky young man, the teenager's eyes were irresistibly drawn to the coach's naked, muscular ass. The milky-white cheeks clenched and unclenched rhythmically as the hot stud walked down the stairs. The rear straps of the jock ran along the tan line, framing the perfectly rounded bubble-butt.

By the time they reached the bottom step, Jake was almost hypnotized by the beauty of that perfectly rounded, masculine ass. The heavily scented room was strangely exciting. The smell was like that he had so often smelled and enjoyed before in the gym and locker room, but much richer, funkier, sexier. The hot young teenager felt a pleasurable tingle at the pit of his stomach.

"Let's get started," said Randy.

"Sure," said Jake, "let me get into my togs."

"Actually, all you're going to need is a jock," said Randy. "The less you wear, the better you can wrestle!"

Randy was looking forward to seeing Jake's luscious young body completely bare-ass naked. But he was going to have to wait a while for that treat.

The hung teenager usually wore jocks instead of regular underwear because they gave his heavy cock and balls better support.

He pulled off his top and jeans and he was ready. The horny coach drank in the sight of the kid's gorgeous body and moved toward him, baby oil in hand. The young man reached for the bottle, but the coach gently pushed his hand away.

Smiling his sexy smile, he said, "I'll do it for you. That way we'll be sure to cover all the nooks and crannies."

The hunky teenager stood passively, hands at his sides as the coach poured a long squirt of baby oil onto his hand. At the first touch of Randy's oily hands, the boy's body twitched. The young coach's massaging fingers traveled slowly over the muscular, bone-tipped shoulders, and then into the long, strong neck. Randy noticed the boy's breathing was becoming fast and shallow, his face and chest flushed. The oil fingers slid down the boy's back, all the way to the waist strap of his jack.

Without hesitation, the strong, slick hands moved down to knead the firm rounded cheeks.

Jake suppressed a gasp as he felt his coach's hands caressing his ass.

His cock began to jerk rapidly and the boy became embarrassed at the thought of his coach seeing him with a hard on.

With one delicate slide of his hand between the boy's cheeks, Randy deliberately brushed against the boy's fluted asslips. Then he moved down to the backs of the boy's legs before Jake had a chance to react. The touch of the young coach's hand right on his sensitive asshole made Jake jump. But somehow, he managed to retain control of himself. When he had finished the back of his legs, the coach moved around to the boy's chest.

His oily fingers traveled down to the hard, square pecs, cupping them, then playing across the dark, brown nipples. Randy detected a sharp intake of breath as he touched the boy's sensitive tits. Next, he moved to the bulging, heavily veined arms, oiling them slowly and carefully.

When he got to the hands, he cupped all his fingers at the base of each of the boy's fingers, and then, slowly, he pulled the boy's wrist back and forth, fucking the boy's fingers in and out of his cupped hand.

Randy looked into the young stud's face and saw that his eyes were nearly closed, a dreamy expression on his face. Finishing the fingers, he drew his hands lightly across the sensitive skin of the young teenager's palms. The boy's lips parted in a small, ticklish smile.

He ordered the teenager to raise his arms over his head, then applied the same caressing touch to the sensitive underside of the boy's arms. The feather-light fingers lingered in the deep armpits, playing with the damp blond curls there. Hard as he tried to repress it, Jake broke into giggling.

"Ticklish, huh?" the coach teased, digging his fingers playfully into the boy's armpits.

Jake burst out laughing, brought down his arms, and pulled away.

"Trying to escape, huh?" Randy made a grab for the boy, but Jake wriggled out of reach. The coach dove and brought the young stud down onto the mat. "Come on, let's get the rest of you oiled up."

Jake lay quietly on the mat, eager to feel his coach's oily hands caressing his skin again.

Randy knelt between the boy's thickly muscled thighs. As he coated the front of the boy's legs with oil, he noticed with satisfaction that the bulge of the young stud's jockstrap had grown considerably larger. As the coach kneaded Jake's leg muscles, the boy's crotch bulge grew steadily larger and larger. The horny coach was tempted to take the aroused hunk right there and then, but his sense of discipline asserted itself.

He had meant what he had said about training Jake for the State Championship. He slapped the boy's thighs smartly and said, "Come on!

Let's go! Kneeling position!"

Randy knew Jake was good, but now that they were actually pitting strength and skill against each other, he was amazed at how good a wrestler the boy really was. He countered well, and his attacks were swift and sure. They grappled and groped and grunted neither gaining the advantage. Sweat washed their straining muscles, the masculine scent mixing with the sweet, heavy aroma of the poppers and baby oil.

Two near naked studs, muscles rippling and gleaming, straining and sliding against each other. Blood boiling, cocks hard, and throbbing inside tight, bulging jocks, Jake and Randy were lost in a hot, hard, masculine world, possessed completely by the lust to conquer and dominate. For the two muscular studs, winning was the only reality now.

In the silence of the basement gym, the only sounds were the harsh breathing of the two young men and the slapping, sliding noises of their bodies as they strained and grappled against each other on the mat.

Coach Lovett was using a lot of crotch holds, giving himself an excuse to rub his hands and arms against the boy's bulging jock pouch. As he grabbed the boy's thighs, he could feel the hot, hard, adolescent cock.

He also made sure the boy could feel his own raging hard-on, rubbing and sliding his bursting jock pouch all over the boy's body.

The humpy teenaged wrestler was in a white-hot fever. Jake had always enjoyed wrestling -- the sexy touching and rubbing against another stud's hard-muscled body, the struggle for dominance. But now, wrestling with his good-looking young coach, the man he had worshipped for so long, he was incredibly turned on. It was all he could do to concentrate on his defense as Randy's hot, beautiful body rubbed itself all over, him.

There was no doubt the coach had a hard-on, he could feel it pulsing through his thin jock. There was also no doubt the coach could feel that

Jake's own ten-inch rod was rock-hard. But Jake didn't care anymore.

The two hot young males were getting very excited. Their clinches were becoming longer and longer, the touch of their hands almost a caress on each other's bodies. They locked their thighs together and squirmed, crotch to crotch, chest to chest.

It felt so good to rub against each other. To feel the soft hair on each other's muscled thighs, to drink in the hot, raunchy smell of each other's maleness. Randy buried his face in the young stud's neck and started humping his crotch, undulating his slick body on the boy's oily muscles.

Their rippling stomachs slid sensuously against each other. Their legs entwined and their arms locked around each other. Randy began feverishly washing the boy's strong neck with his tongue and Jake moaned softly, returning the coach's humping motion. The older stud was now sucking and biting all the way from Jake's jaw to the tip of his bone tipped shoulder, first one side and then the other.

The boy tossed his head, squirming as Randy's tongue and teeth sent sharp shivers of pleasure through his neck and shoulders. The coach found the teenager's full, sensuous lips and attacked his mouth with seeking, slobbering lips. His tongue plunged deep, ravishing the young stud's mouth. The boy responded, thrusting his own tongue into the coach's mouth.

The horny coach licked down the boy's chest and down his corded belly to his bursting jock. He attacked the pouch with his lips and tongue, quickly soaking the elastic fabric with spit. He clamped his lips around the boy's protruding cockhead and sucked on it passionately. The heady, sexy smell of the young man's crotch made the coach wild with desire.

He rooted deep in the muscular V of Jake's thighs, drinking in the hot, horny aroma. Jake's cock ached with pent-up lust as the hot young coach licked and sucked his cock and balls through the spit-soaked jockstrap.

Nothing had ever made the boy feel so hot before. Randy's mouth rooted deeper and deeper between the young stud's splayed thighs. Impatiently, he pushed the boy's legs up over his chest and clamped his mouth on the hot

teenager's luscious asshole. Jake bucked at the shock of Randy's oral attack on his virgin asshole.

The lust-crazed young coach whipped his tongue across the fluted asslips again and again, suctioning the boy's asshole, digging his tongue deeper and deeper into the tight opening. The horny young stud was incredibly turned on, gasping with the fierce, wet pleasure his coach was making him feel. He pushed his ass hard against Randy's face, rotating his hips on the hot, wet slobbering mouth. He wanted more! He wanted this hot, masterful stud to possess him completely!

"Yeah, Coach!" he moaned. "Eat my ass good! Do it! Oh yeah! That's it! Do me! Do me deep, Coach!"

The lust-crazed young coach tore off his jock and covered his steel-hard ten inches with baby oil. Pushing Jake's legs up, he positioned his massive, throbbing cockhead against the boy's clenching asspucker. Jake panted, half in fear and half in anticipation. It was too late to turn back now.

He was about to get a big, hot cock up his ass and he craved it madly!

Randy rubbed his cockhead back and forth across the boy's asshole, taunting him. "You know what you're going to get, don't you, boy?"

"Yesssss!" the boy hissed.

"Tell me what you want, boy! I wanna hear you begging for this big, hard cock!"

"Please, Coach! Fuck me! Fuck me now, please!" the lust-crazed teenager pleaded.

"Shove that big, hot cock up my ass!"

"Please, what, asshole?"

"Please, Sir! I need your cock, Sir!"

"So, the little girl wants to be my cunt, huh?"

"Yes! Make me your cunt, Sir! Fuck me! I need to feel your big cock in my asshole!"

With one single thrust, the coach drove his dripping ten inches of red-hot cock deep into his new slave's craving asshole! The boy moaned in pain-ecstasy and the coach's punishing cock hurt him bad, but God, it felt so good too! Drawing out, the dominating stud then stabbed his rigid prick back all the way into the boy's hot, slick asshole.

In and out, faster and faster, he fucked the young wrestler, slamming, his whole body up and down on the submissive boy. "Grab your feet and spread your legs apart!" he ordered.

The flexible young athlete had no trouble holding the difficult position.

He splayed himself as wide open as he could, wanting more and more of that beautiful, steel-hard prick, more and more of that maddening, punishing pleasure inside his hungry asshole.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Jake was in heaven with his coach's cock deep inside his asshole. It felt so good, so deep, hurting good! After all those wasted years of pretending to be interested in girls, the young teenager was finally getting what he wanted and needed -- cock!

The coach's cock ripped in and out of his tight, clenching asshole, filling him with the essence of raw, masculine power. "Oh God, it feels so good!" he moaned. "Fuck me, Coach! Don't ever stop!"

Savagely, the muscular young coach raped his star wrestler's asshole, stabbing his raging cock into the tight, slick ass until his balls slapped against the boy's asscheeks. The banging of the coach's big cockhead on his inflamed prostate was driving the boy mad with lust.

Again and again, the punishing ten-inch prick savaged the boy's willing asshole. The dominating stud's balls slapped against the boy's asscheeks.

The coach was sweating like a pig, his sweat dripping all over Jake. The boy opened his mouth wide to catch the drops, thrilling to the flavor of hot, horny, sweaty, funky, raunchy, fucking, dominating male!

The boy raised his head and licked the coach's face, swallowing the fresh, salty sweat, as the man continued to pound the slit out of his asshole. His mouth found Randy's and locked tight. Fiercely, they sucked on each other's mouths as the man's big, red-hot prick ripped in and out of the boy. The young wrestler rotated his hips, intensifying the coach's fucking pleasure.

In and out, in and out, again and again, in a perfect, rocking rhythm, the muscular stud's throbbing prick fucked the submissive teenager's ass.

The boy bucked and thrashed beneath the coach's furious assault, throwing his ass up to meet the man's savage fuck thrusts, rotating himself on the slick, punishing cockpole.

He sighed with deep contentment as he felt the big prick slide all the way home. "Oh yeah! Let me have, it, stud! Fuck me deep! Arrrgggghhhh, yeah! That's it... all the way! Fuck! Fuck!"

The muscular young wrestler's entire, body was alive and tingling. Never before had he felt such deep satisfaction and pleasure. He wanted the hot fuck his coach was giving him to last forever. He wanted to feel forever the excruciating, slick, burning pleasure of that raping cock savaging his virgin asshole.

The coach could feel himself getting closer and closer, but he wanted this session to last a good, hot, long time. He pulled his shit streaked cock out of the boy, making him moan.

"Oh please, Coach! Don't stop! Fuck me some more!" Jake cried.

Randy grabbed the young wrestler's sweaty blond hair and slapped him hard. "Let's get this straight, pussy! I'm the man here, and I call the shots. You're just my cunt, and you do what you're told! Got it?" The boy's head snapped back and forth as the dominating stud slapped him as hard as he could.

Jake looked submissively into his master's eyes. "I'm sorry, Coach, whatever you say, Sir."

"Damn right!" Randy growled. "What I want right now is for you to get clown there and clean the slit off my cock, pussy!"

Obedient, the muscular young wrestler knelt before his coach and took the man's cock inside his mouth. The taste of his own shit was revolting, making him gag, but he obeyed his master's command. Submissively, he licked and sucked on the muscular stud's shit streaked cock, cleaning it thoroughly.

Feeling himself getting hard again, Randy pulled the boy off his cock.

There was a look of disappointment in the boy's eyes. But this time he did not complain. Deciding to give his slave boy a "treat" while his own cock

cooled off for a while, he ordered the boy to remain where he was while he went into the dungeon next door. He selected a dildo that was twelve inches long and six inches around. Jake's eyes bugged out when he saw the monster rubber cock.

The boy had heard about dildos before, but he had never seen one. His eyes moved over the big fucker with a mixture of fear and desire. Holy shit!

Randy grinned at his young slave's reaction. "You want this big fucker up your pussy, slave?"

The boy stammered. That huge rammer was going to tear up his asshole for sure.

"Well," Randy continued, "since you were so anxious to keep my cock in your asshole a while ago, I decided to let you have something a little bigger."

The coach poured baby oil all over the huge dildo. The young wrestler stared in terrified fascination as the coach got the monster fucker shining slick and moved behind him.

Suddenly, the boy felt the huge rubber cockhead push against his asslips.

"Relax," ordered the coach. "Then it won't hurt so bad."

The boy complied with his master's instructions, letting his sphincter muscle go lax as the dildo pushed in. It hurt bad at first, but the pain slowly receded as the muscles inside his asshole adjusted.

Slowly, Randy worked all twelve inches of the big prick into the boy's ass. Sweat poured off the muscular young wrestler and his whole body trembled as he struggled to accept the huge rubber cock. Slowly, gradually, the pain gave way to a strange, pleasurable sensation. The boy felt completely stuffed, filled, overwhelmed by the impossible cock inside his ass.

He wanted to be fucked by this enormous prick. He wanted it to rape and possess him totally. Moaning, he began thrusting his ass back and forth.

Randy pulled the dildo out halfway, then pushed it firmly back in to the hilt.

The boy sobbed with the pleasure of the huge rubber cock dominating his asshole. His bubble-butt bucked, demanding more and more. Randy pushed the twelve-inch dildo faster and faster in and out of the boy's asshole.

With long, savage strokes, the coach sodomized his slave boy with the immense rubber fucker, gradually increasing speed until he had the boy sobbing with pleasure, screaming incoherently for more and more. Jake's cock was rigid, beating against his corded belly with every stroke of the huge cock.

The hot young wrestler's entire body tingled and buzzed with the fiery, pleasure the huge dildo was creating inside his burning asshole. The coach could see his slave boy was about to shoot his wad. He ripped out the dildo and sank his throbbing ten inches deep into the boy's asshole.

Grabbing the boy by the waist, he dog-fucked him with abandon, faster and faster, until, suddenly, he came, filling the boy's ass with his spunk, making him shoot his own wad in a gusher of white-hot release.

Man and boy lay folded together on the mat, panting with exhaustion, recovering from their violent fuck. Jake felt content and secure within the confine of his master's strong, muscular arms, Randy's cock still lodged deep inside his asshole. He hoped there were going to be a lot more training sessions like this in the future.

Now that he had Billy Harrington completely broken in and crawling for him every night, the horny Danny Wilde felt the need to make some new conquests. He'd heard talk about the gay cruising going on at a shopping mall on the city's northeast side. He decided to check it out.

He decided to dress as revealingly as possible. He found a pair of short, white Levi's cut-offs he'd worn last summer. He had to really strain to pull them over his bulging, muscular thighs. The fringed bottoms of the shorts barely covered his rounded, high-riding ass. In front, the leg boles went up at an angle from the V of his crotch, accentuating the huge mound between his legs.

For a top, Danny picked out a white football jersey cut off right below the pecs. The cut-off jersey and low riding shorts fully displayed the young stud's rippling, washboard stomach, including the sexy line of silky black hair that trailed down the middle of his belly into his waistband. To finish off the out-fit, he pulled on a pair of white, knee length tube socks, and a pair of white, red striped sneakers.

Danny admired his hot creation in the mirror. He was ready to knock 'em dead! Giving his wavy black hair one more toss, he walked out to his car.

At the mall, he strutted in, cocky as hell. His skimpy, all-white, jock-stud outfit really showed off his beautiful tan and gorgeous, rippling muscles. It was mid-afternoon on a workday, and there weren't too many people around, mostly older folks, and teenagers out of school. He ambled around, casually taking in the scene.

After a couple of circuits of the stores and shops, he got himself a Coke and sat down on a bench. He slouched on the curved seat, spreading his legs wide in front of him. The hot, hunky teenager was in a really horny mood. He didn't care if people objected to his provocative pose. He wanted to really show off his jam-packed, obscenely bulging crotch.

Danny was sitting across from the shoe section of a large department store. After a while, he noticed a sales clerk looking in his direction.

He looked a little older than Danny, a college student type. The young man was tall, good-looking and fair, with close-cropped curly blond hair.

He was wearing a grey herringbone jacket, club tie, and khaki pants, very preppy.

The two young men locked eyes for just a little longer than normal between two guys. Ummmmm, thought Danny, I may just have something here.

But just then the sales clerk was distracted by a customer. Danny decided to wait a while to see if the preppy sales clerk showed any more interest.

He watched the young man from the side, kneeling to fit his customer. He admired the way the pants bulged with the college kid's muscular thighs.

When the clerk had finished with his customer and looked in Danny's direction again, the young jock had modified his position.

He was now slouching with his left foot on the bench, knee angled away from his body, accentuating his big, swollen crotch bulge. His right hand was draped over his right thigh, casually playing with the curly black hair on the inside of his leg, only a couple of inches from his crotch.

This time, the clerk's interest was unmistakable. He stared hard at the hot teenager's crotch and seemed to have trouble swallowing. The young clerk kept up his hot stare. Danny made sure to glance in his direction only occasionally, but he did bring his other foot onto the edge of the bench, sitting in a crotch-thrusting squat that left very little to the imagination.

He curled both hands around the backs of his thighs and played with the curly black hair near the edge of his cut-offs. Slowly, sensuously, he twined his fingertips into the luscious, silky hair, a slight smile playing on his lips. His splay-legged, crotch-bulging stance conveyed only one meaning -- eat me!

The college kid was now blushing as well as staring. He disappeared momentarily, then came walking out of the store in Danny's direction.

Trying to behave casually, he sat on the other end of Danny's bench and pulled out a cigarette. His hands shook as he lit it. His face was flushed and lightly beaded with sweat. He glanced furtively in the direction of the young jock and then looked away quickly whenever their eyes met.

Danny decided he would have to break the ice. "Hey, man, gotta cigarette?" he drawled in his best punk voice.

The preppy clerk nearly jumped off the bench. "Su... sure," he mumbled, starting to rummage through his pockets.

Danny scooted over on the bench and plucked the college kid's cigarette out of his trembling lips. "That's OK man, no need to light another one, we'll just share. Friendlier that way, right?"

The sales clerk started to open his mouth to object, then thought better of it. He smiled hesitantly. "OK, sure. Why not?"

The two young men introduced themselves. The preppy kid's name was Karl.

They chatted for a couple of minutes, then Danny suggested he'd like to try on some shoes. They walked back to the shoe section of the department store and Danny picked out a pair of tennis shoes.

While Karl was in the stock room looking for Danny's size, the teen jock scouted out a secluded corner of the shoe department and sat down. When Karl came out with his shoes, Danny was sprawled out on a chair, muscular, hairy legs spread wide, a hand scratching his bulging crotch.

His thick, coiling cock was stretching the tight white cut-offs to the bursting point.

The college boy's eyes riveted on the muscular young athletes' incredibly bulging basket as he knelt before him with the shoe box. Danny raised one foot and dropped it on the sales clerk lap, grazing his crotch.

"Why don't you take my shoes off?"

Karl jumped into action, attacking the shoelaces on Danny sneakers with fumbling fingers. By the time he had finished untying the second sneaker, Danny's crotch scratching had turned into blatant crotch rubbing. His big, thick cock was now totally hard, distending the tight cloth of his cut-offs all the way up to his waistband.

The preppy boy stared at the hot teenager's crotch as if hypnotized. The odor of sweat soaked wool coming from Danny's feet was intoxicating. He wanted to throw himself on the floor and suck those sweaty sock-clad feet. He wanted to grovel in front of this dominating, muscular teenager.

He wanted this incredibly butch young beauty to make him crawl.

Looking deep into the young man's eyes, Danny asked, "You want it?"

The blushing college boy nodded his head slowly up and down. The horny young athlete got up and ordered Karl to follow him. They went into the stock room and Danny locked the door behind them. Karl stood nervously in front of the muscular stud, still staring at his enormous bulge.

"Eat it, cock-sucker!" Danny ordered.

The college kid instantly dropped to his knees and buried his face in the hot teenager's crotch. The fresh-washed smell of the cut-offs mingled with the pungent, sex-hot aroma of the jock's cock and balls struck the young man's nostril.

He whimpered with excitement as he mouthed the teenager's hot, rigid cock through the thin, worn cloth. Danny was impatient. He yanked on the clerk's curly blond hair and snapped, "get it out and suck on it! Now!"

He punctuated his command with a sharp, stinging slap to the cocksucker's face.

The submissive college kid immediately zipped down the dominant teenager's cut-offs and pulled them off. The hot young stud's steel-hard prick sprang up and hit the clerk on the chin. The groveling cocksucker dove on the stiff, red, heavily veined cock.

Convulsively, he swallowed all ten inches, until his nose buried itself in the young stud's fragrant crotch hair. His tongue fluttered up and down the steely length as his lips and cheeks sucked fiercely. The college kid was in heaven. Danny was the hottest stud he'd ever had the privilege of servicing and his cock was the largest, most beautiful thing he'd ever had.

His throat took the stud boy's massive cockhead easily as Danny grabbed his ears and started viciously face-fucking him. The heavenly, raunchy smell of aroused teenaged jock made him burning hot for more and more and Danny gave it to him. Again and again, faster and faster, the dominant

young stud pistoned his aching rod in and out of the cocksucker's slobbering mouth.

The college kid was a real pro, knowing just what to do with his lips and tongue to pleasure the burning cock. As he looked down on the submissive cock-sucker, Danny got off on the intense look of adoration in the young man's face as he expertly sucked him off.

"Suck that cock, bitch!" he grunted.

The dominant young stud twisted the cocksucker's ears cruelly as he slammed his head up and down on his punishing prick. Danny was really getting into the fierce suck-job the expert college kid was giving his steel-hard prong. The fast, sweet slide of tongue and lips on his cock, harder and faster, was driving him over the edge fast. He decided to finish up inside the preppy boy's asshole. Brutally, he yanked the cocksucker's face off his cock.

Karl's eyes were unfocused, his handsome lace smeared with spit as he looked up, puzzled.

"Get your pants off and your ass up in the air, cock-sucker!"

Danny's command both thrilled and terrified the young sales clerk.

"Please, not that!" he pleaded. "Your cock's too big."

Danny's stinging backhand cut off the frightened cock-sucker's begging.

Again and again, the dominating young stud's hand punished Karl's face, making it snap back and forth.

The brutal slapping left the young cocksucker's cheeks flaming red and his eyes swelling with tears of pain. But Karl whipped off his pants and underwear, got down on the carpet on his back, and spread his legs wide open, like a bitch in heat. The hot young stud had shown him who was boss and he would do anything. The good-looking young preppy was ready to crawl.

He knew it would hurt like hell, but he could hardly wait to feel those steely ten inches of jock cock deep inside his asshole. Danny obliged, plunging his aching prick deep into the cock-sucker's craving asshole.

Karl groaned in pain, but he bucked his ass off the carpet, wanting more and more of the huge cock inside him.

"Yeah! Fuck me!" he hissed. "Rape me, stud! Fuck my ass!"

The preppy boy's asshole felt slick and tight as the dominant high school jock drilled it with his big prick. The clenching asshole around his hot cock felt even better than the cock-sucker's mouth. Faster and faster, Danny fucked, getting closer and closer. In and out, in and out, again and again, his throbbing cock violated Karl's ass, thoroughly reaming out the college kid's ass. It didn't take long to pump his boiling cum over the brink.

As the hot young stud shot his wad deep into the submissive preppy's asshole, Karl shot off his own load, a look of pure ecstasy on his face.

They rested tangled together for a minute, then Danny pulled himself together and walked out of the stock-room casually.

"See ya round, cock-sticker!" he said.

By the time the violated sales clerk thought to ask for the young stud's phone number, Danny had gone. Rubbing his sore asshole, the preppy cocksucker consoled himself with the pleasant thought that the horny teenager might come back sometime for seconds.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The hot scene in the department store stock room only took the edge off Danny's appetite for sexual adventure. He wasn't ready to pack it in for the afternoon just yet. The cocky teen jock got himself another Coke and made a few more circuits around the mall.

He decided to check out the johns in the basement level. The large restroom below the stairs was empty. He admired his handsome, muscular body in the floor-to-ceiling mirrors, then walked into a stall. Dropping his cut-offs around his ankles, he sat on the toilet and stretched out his legs, letting his big cock and balls get some air.

It wasn't long before he heard the double doors to the restroom slide open and closed. There were two sets of footsteps. Instinctively, he pulled his legs up and propped them up against the metal frame of the stall door. Danny heard the sound of pissing on the row of urinals across from the toilet stalls, then, the seconds ticked by, silence. Cautiously, he shifted his body so he could peek through the space between the stall door and the frame.

Two young men were standing side by side in front of the urinals. Both were wearing jogging shorts and t-shirts. They were looking intently at each other and Danny could see their hands reaching across to each other's crotches. One of them was a blond, about Danny's age, and the other was a dark-haired guy a little older. Both were hot-looking, muscular young studs.

Danny began stroking his cock as he watched the two good-looking young studs. The two guys turned toward each other, running their hands excitedly all over each other's cock and balls. Danny was now able to get a full view of their steel-hard cocks. Neither one was as big as the high school jock, but both had a healthy set of cock and balls.

Danny pounded his cockrod faster and faster as he feasted on the sight of the two muscular young studs passionately masturbating each other. A moan of passion escaped from his lips.

The two young men froze and looked nervously toward the toilet stalls.

Making a quick decision, Danny dropped his feet to the floor and swung the door to his stall open. The two studs stared, seeing the gorgeous teenaged hunk sprawled out on the toilet seat, cut-offs around his ankles, his huge, throbbing cock in his hand.

The three young men stared at each other for a few long seconds, drinking in each other's muscled bodies and hard, excited cocks. Releasing the dark haired stud's meat, the blond walked into Danny's stall. He dropped to his knees and swallowed the horny athlete's prick. A fierce lash of pleasure whipped up and down the teenaged stud's cock as the blond's suctioning mouth began sucking him off.

The dark-haired stud watched his friend going down on the hot jock's prick with a mixture of envy and lust. His hard, aching cock, now abandoned, slapped rhythmically against his washboard stomach. He grabbed hold of it and started jerking off with strong, passionate strokes.

Danny motioned for him to come over. He wanted to have a three-way with the two handsome studs! The dark-haired boy walked into the stall and latched the door. Danny stood up on the toilet seat and told the older boy to squat behind him. He wanted the dark-haired stud to eat his ass while the blond sucked his cock. The two hot studs began servicing the horny, muscular teen-ager front and back. Danny trembled and bucked under the double attack, a slobbering mouth sucking on his big cock and another hot mouth and tongue worshipping his asshole. The dark-haired stud's tongue wormed deep into the teenager's asshole, stabbing deeper and deeper as the blond kid whipped his mouth and tongue up and down on Danny's throbbing cock.

Expertly, the two hot studs pleased the handsome teenager, making him moan passionately under their oral attack. Danny began to rock back and forth, sinking his big prick into the blond's soft, hungry mouth, then impaling himself on the dark stud's reaming tongue. The horny jock was floating, burning, tingling with the double sensations. These two really knew what they were doing!

They sucked and licked his cock, balls, and asshole until the young athlete was writhing on the edge of cumming. Sensing his rising passion, the two young studs redoubled their efforts, sucking and rimming up a storm in the toilet stall.

Faster and faster, Danny fucked his rock-hard prick in and out of the blond stud's mouth. Violently, he shot his load into the blond's slobbering mouth as the dark stud sank his tongue in his asshole.

As he stumbled out of the toilet stall, Danny left the two hot boys entwined in an embrace, mouths fiercely sucking each other's as their hands savagely beat off each other's cocks. It had been quite an introduction to toilet sex, an experience Danny intended to repeat.

Over at the high school, Jake Richards was alone in the locker room. The handsome young wrestler had hung around after practice to talk to Coach Lovett. Lovett had ordered Jake to Coach Johnson's basement gym that evening for another training session.

The young stud's muscles ached pleasantly from his earlier workout. He felt good as he walked through the locker room. The close, steam-laden air brought the familiar smell of young men's bodies to his nostrils. It was a rich, musky, unmistakable odor that made the teenager's cock stiffen and unwind.

In front of his locker, the young stud stripped off his wrestling clothes. When he pulled off his sweaty jock, his thick, long cockrod popped out stiff and hard. Burying his face in his own funky jockstrap, he began stroking his aching prick. The boy dropped to his knees on the concrete floor, sniffing and nibbling on the jock, imagining it was the cocky young coach's raunchy jock.

His hand pulled the skin of his cockshaft back and forth, then twirled on the red-hot cockhead, exciting him more and more. Expertly, the good-looking young stud masturbated himself, abandoning his muscled body completely to the pleasure he was creating in his huge, throbbing prick.

Lost in his own world, he didn't notice that the locker room doors had opened and hissed shut. He didn't hear the slapping patter of sneakered feet moving in his direction. The Blake twins, Rick and Bob, had come into the gym to work out. The high school had an informal policy of allowing neighborhood athletes use of the facilities after hours and the twins had decided to take advantage of it.

Their loaner lockers were at the back of the locker room, a couple of rows past Jake's. As they got closer, the identical blonds could hear Jake's passionate moaning and the familiar sucking-slapping sound of a masturbating fist. They sneaked up to the edge of the row of lockers and peeked around the corner.

Jake Richards was on his knees on the floor, sniffing and eating a jock, wildly beating his meat! The twins' cocks immediately stiffened into identical hard-ons. Both brothers had noticed the muscular, good looking young wrestler before and they had been lusting after him ever since they had started using the high school gym.

Jake suddenly sensed that he was being watched. He turned his face and saw the twins leering at him. They didn't give the embarrassed teenager time to react. In a fraction of a second, they were all over him the muscular brothers picked the younger stud up from the floor and sandwiched him between them. Jake was too stunned to do much more than squirm between their hard, muscled bodies as the golden twins pressed against him, rubbing their bulging crotches against his rock-hard cock and between the cheeks of his bubble-butt, exploring him with their hands.

Rick grabbed hold of Jake's rampant cock and continued the hot hand-job the boy had been giving himself. Bob held him fast in his muscular arms, licking and nibbling the young wrestler's shoulders.

Shock and embarrassment quickly turned into pleasure for Jake as the twins played with his body. The horny brothers were well pleased with their catch, getting hotter and hotter as they drank in the boy's fresh, masculine beauty and felt his hard muscles under his velvety skin.

The hot young wrestler writhed and moaned as Rick stroked his long, rigid prick with a spit-slicked fist, masturbating him expertly. Behind him, Bob was biting his neck and shoulders harder and harder as he slobbered on the boy's flesh, sending delicious flashes of pleasure-pain up and down the boy's supple spine.

Bob's fingers probed at Jake's tight asshole. The young teenager sighed with pleasure and pushed his ass back onto the invading finger. Coach Lovett's training sessions had taught him well the pleasures of getting his tender young asshole stuffed with hard, hot cockmeat.

Bob soon had two, then three, then four fingers flying in and out of the young wrestler's clenching asshole. In front, Rick kept up the hot hand-job, fisting and stroking the boy's inflamed rod with one hand while the other played with his heavy bull-nuts.

Then, at a signal from Rick, Bob twisted Jake's arm behind his back, and the twins dragged the boy into the shower room. Turning all the showers full-blast on hot, they moved to the back of the L-shaped room.

They pushed the hunky young wrestler down on all fours on the tiled floor and positioned themselves at both his ends. By now, the golden brothers'

hot foreplay had aroused the horny young jock beyond control. He moaned in total satisfaction as Rick shoved his monster cock down his throat and Bob speared his asshole.

The brothers fucked the muscular athlete's mouth and asshole.

Rhythmically, Bob's hands fell on the boy's asscheeks, making them redder and redder with each punishing slap as his cock raped the boy's hot, tight asshole. Jake was really getting into it. His slobbering mouth and tongue sucked and licked feverishly on Rick's plunging prick as he rotated his asshole on Bob's steel-hard cockpole.

He loved being made to crawl by these two tough young kids. They were reducing him to the level of a mindless animal, a sex-slave whose only

purpose was to service their thick, long, punishing cocks. Jake was in heaven.

Danny Wilde had decided to do a late workout in the weight room before he went over to Billy Harrington's. Now, as he walked toward the showers, he sported a hard-on thinking about the evening ahead with his slave boy student. The sound of all the showers puzzled him. He wondered who all could be in the gym this late.

Danny walked into the shower room, advancing carefully between the jets of hot, scalding water. He could see nothing but the ceiling lights glowing dimly through the thick steam. It looked like someone had turned on all the showers and then left.

As the muscular teenager reached the hidden corner of the room, he began to hear the muffled noises of the hot three-way going on clear in back.

His fat cockrod stiffened rapidly as he picked up on the face-fucking, ass-reaming sounds he had recently come to know and love so well.

As he got closer he could see a figure on all fours, with somebody giving it to him at both ends. Boldly, he walked into the very back of the room.

Hot damn! There was Jake Richards that hot little stud getting plugged but good by two gorgeous, identical studs.

The twins simply smiled when they noticed they had been joined by the hot, black-haired stud they knew to be Billy Harrington's sex master.

Rick pulled his reddened cock out of the slave boy's slobbering mouth and motioned for Danny to take his place. The dominant teenager grabbed the young wrestler's wet hair and yanked hard, bringing tears to the boy's eyes. Then he slapped lake's face hard with his hot, hard cock.

Again and again, the steel-hard prick slapped the boy's face as Bob's thick, hard cockrod continued to punish his asshole. Then Danny began to face-fuck Jake, viciously stabbing his long, punishing prick in and out of the boy's ravaged throat.

Jake could hardly believe what was happening. Here were three of the hottest, butchest studs he had ever seen, making his deepest fantasies a hard, throbbing, wonderfully punishing reality!

Meanwhile, Billy Harrington, Danny's slave, had gone over to the Blake house to visit his friend Dean. Dean confessed to his buddy that his step-brothers were now fucking him and making him suck their cocks regularly.

The boy's exciting revelations led Billy to confess that he himself had been turned into a groveling sex-slave by his handsome, dark haired tutor, Danny Wilde. As the two submissive boys compared notes on their enslavement and degradation, their cocks grew harder and harder inside their tight jeans.

"Let's jack each other off," Billy proposed. Dean nodded and they quickly stripped out of their clothes. The two hot boys sat crosslegged on the narrow cot, facing each other. They entwined their legs and pulled together until they were crotch to crotch their two hard young cocks bobbing and rubbing against each other.

"Oh, man! This is gonna be great," breathed Billy as he spread a big gob of spit over the two cocks.

Dean shivered with delight at the touch of his buddy's soft, warm hand on his throbbing prick. He added his own spit to the two cocks and the two boys began to masturbate each other, cooing with delight as their hands slowly stroked each other's cockshaft from base to tip.

Dean groaned. Their hands played with each other's hairless balls, then traveled again up their rock-hard cocks. Crooning with delight, the boys gradually increased the tempo of their stroking as their mouths met in a fierce, slobbering kiss. Their slim teenaged legs trembled more and more as they ground their crotches together, hands flailing on their red, throbbing teenage cocks.

Billy grunted. "Keep that up and your gonna make me shoot, man!"

"I want your cunt," Dean whispered passionately as he dove hungrily on his buddy's steel-hard prickshaft.

Avidly, the young cock-sucker swallowed the pulsating prick, licking and sucking feverishly. Billy moaned and thrashed on the cot as Dean sucked him faster and faster. He grabbed his friend's head to slow him down, then began to face-fuck him slowly and deeply, sinking his aching prick all the way down the boy's throat.

Dean's training at the hands of his dominant step-brothers had made him into an expert cock-sucker. He knew exactly when to speed up and when to slow down. He knew when to actively attack his buddy's cock and when to let himself get face-fucked. His practiced head was driving Billy wild.

Dean was hungry for cum and he was working hard to get it. Those long nights of sexual abuse by his step-brothers had made him addicted to cock.

"Aaaarrggghhhhh!" Billy screamed, shooting wad after wad of sweet, hot cum down his cock-sucking buddy's, throat. A few seconds later, Dean's cum squirted out of his flailing fist, splattering all over his belly and thighs.

Lovingly, the cock-sucker held his friend's softening prick in his mouth, until it was completely soft. Then, he began to lick the cum and sweat off Billy's cock and balls. Licking deeper and deeper between the boy's splayed legs, Dean found Billy's asshole. The pretty blond teenager moaned softly as his friend's tongue lapped at his fluted asshole.

He let himself relax, humming contentedly as Dean continued to pleasure his asshole. "Eat me, Dean! Eat, my hole! Get all the way in!"

As Dean continued his oral attack, Billy's sphincter expanded more and more. The brutal fucking of his tutor had taught the boy how to spread his asshole wide open.

Billy suddenly wished Danny were here now, punishing his no-good pussy with his battering prick. He knew he needed to be hurt and punished for messing around with another boy without his master's permission.

As Dean continued to tongue his asshole, Billy dreamily fantasized about the satisfying whipping Danny would give him if he caught him with Dean.

His master would be so wonderfully angry. He'd slap and punch him around, lay a belt or a switch to his ass until it was cherry red, make him crawl like an animal, piss on him, and, best of all, rape the shit out of him with that big, butch, satisfying cock!

"Fuck me!" Billy begged. "Fuck the shit out of me! Please!"

It didn't take much pleading to con Dean into mounting his buddy's hot, itching ass pussy. Billy moaned with deep satisfaction as he felt his friend's cock slide into his craving asshole.

CHAPTER NINE

In the high school gym showers, Danny Wilde and the Blake twins had finished their first go-around with Jake, the insatiable young wrestler.

After each of the dominant young studs had shot his wad into the boy's mouth or ass, they had forced him to lick their cocks clean, then pissed all over him and made him drink their piss.

Jake couldn't get enough of the rich, yellow liquid his masters had so generously showered on him. When Danny ordered the slave boy to lick their piss off the shower floor, Jake instantly flattened himself on the cold tiles, wriggling like an eel as he licked and slurped.

Rich suggested that they all go over to the twins' house, where they could continue to use lake in privacy. The three young studs and their new slave boy showered, dressed, and proceeded to the Blake mansion. The twins explained to Danny that their mother was out of town so they would have the house all to themselves. They didn't tell him about Dean, their younger step-brother and slave.

As the four young men reached the house, Dean was still fucking the shit out of Billy in the basement. Discovery by their masters was the furthest thing from their minds. Billy moaned harshly for the hundredth time as Dean's hard young cock plowed in and out of his craving asshole.

Ever since the dominant Danny had made him his slave, Billy simply couldn't get enough cock down his throat or up his ass. Now he jerked his rock-hard prick faster and faster as his friend drilled him, making himself hotter and hotter as he thought of his butch, beautiful young master.

Danny and the twins piled into the kitchen with lake in tow. Danny and Jake sat around the breakfast bar while the twins brought out beer and sandwich fixings. As he went to the refrigerator, Bob passed the door to the basement. Hearing sounds, he paused, listening at the door crack.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck meeeee!" he heard a strange boys voice say.

He called Rick over. "There's some kid down there getting fucked. It looks like our little brother's gotten himself a playmate."

"Well, now, this could get real interesting," said Rick. "Let's jump 'em and stomp some ass!"

"Yeah!" agreed Bob. "We can start by punishing that no-good tramp Deanna."

"Yeah," Rick agreed, his eyes shining with cruel lust. "And after we let Deanna have it, we'll have to show his little girlfriend who's boss!"

The twins were sporting huge hard-on is as they explained to their guests what was going on. The four boys crept quietly down the stairs and approached Dean's cubicle.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" Billy was still pleading.

Danny saw red as he heard the voice of his slaveboy begging for it from somebody else. He burst into the cubicle and ins blind rage be grabbed Dean and pulled him off Billy with a savage jerk.

Billy cowered in abject terror as his master loomed over him, powerful legs spread wide, fists bunched, massive chest heaving with fury.

"Get up!"

Danny's voice cut through the slave boy like a knife, but Billy couldn't move. As in a dream, Billy watched himself being grabbed by the hair and cruelly jerked out of the cot, then blackness.

With one bone-crunching blow of his fist, Danny had punched out his slave boy!

The twins had by now entered the cubicle.

"No-good slut?" they screamed, slapping him again and, making his head snap from side to side. They weren't really angry, only turned-on by another good opportunity to torment and degrade their step-brother.

"Goddamned asshole," Danny muttered as he let Billy's unconscious body drop back on the cot. "No-good slave fucking around behind my back I'll kill him!"

"Hey man, take it easy," said Bob. "Let's bring him to and punish him good along with this here worthless piece of shit!" He pointed at the cowering Dean.

"Who's that?" asked Danny. Bob explained about Dean while Rick continued to casually slap the cringing slave boy. Danny realized Dean was the boy Billy had told him about. When Rick suggested they bring Billy to by pissing on him. Danny chuckled. "That oughta bring him around fast."

Jake and Dean were ordered to carry Billy into the bathroom and put him in the tub. The two slave boys, were then ordered to piss on their fellow slave. But then the acrid fumes from the piss went up his nose and he came, to with a start.

"Piss right on his face!" Danny ordered. "Yeah, piss in the little cunt's face. Drink it!" Danny demanded.

Meekly, the slave boy opened his mouth. The streams of the two slave boys converged and filled his mouth to overflowing.

Billy gagged, but his master's commanding voice kept his mouth open. He swallowed convulsively as Jake and Dean continued pissing in his mouth, filling him with their warm, bitter fluid. When Jake and Dean had, emptied their bladders into Billy, Danny suggested to the twins that they all give their slaves a golden shower. Jake and Dean were ordered to kneel inside the tub beside Billy, with their mouths wide open.

The three muscular young masters lined up in front of their slave boys and spurted a load of rich, yellow piss down their throats and all over their

faces. The three slaves were then ordered to shower and report to the game room upstairs.

The masters decided to punish each boy individually, starting with Billy.

He was put on his knees in front of the twins and forced to take turns sucking on their monster cocks. While he sucked Danny viciously whipped his ass with a belt, then with a paddle! Midway through the punishment, a huge dildo was shoved up his tender asshole.

Jake and Dean watched Billy's punishment with a mixture of dread and anticipation, their cocks rock-hard. Rick took over the whipping of Billy, and Danny started in on Dean. He ordered the boy on all fours on the floor and began lashing him while Jake plugged his ass with his steel-hard prick.

Billy and Dean were side by side on the floor, getting hotter and hotter at the sight of each other's degradation. Jake was eventually forced to grovel along with his fellow slave boys, taking his turn at being abused.

For the next couple of hours, the young stud masters thoroughly punished their hot young slave boys, making each boy repeatedly take cock up the ass and down his throat, and writhe under the whipping of belt and paddle.

Randy Lovett was pissed. His newest slave, Jake Richards, had failed to show up for their scheduled session. Coach Lovett hardly suspected that the boy might have been forced to take his punishment under a different master.

When Randy Lovett got pissed, he got mean. Len Johnson was always available to take the brunt of the younger coach's rages. Nothing made Johnson so hot as to grovel and suffer under his young master's whip, forced to take his master's cock up his ass or down his throat.

Lovett stomped down into the dungeon and pressed the intercom to the study upstairs. Johnson had been grading papers there. He pressed the answer button and said automatically, "Yes, Sir?"

"Get your ass down here!" Lovett barked. When Johnson appeared in the dungeon doorway, he was stark naked, except for his well used dog collar.

His monstrous foot-long cockpole was at full mast, jerking in anticipation of the sweet pleasure-pain to come.

Randy was naked too, except for his black leather jock. His beautifully muscled body gleamed under the amber lighting. He was standing next to the stocks, thwacking a severe-looking riding crop impatiently against his thigh.

Johnson dropped to his knees and crawled on all fours toward his master.

"Move it!" Randy snapped.

The older man scuttled quickly toward his young master's feet and bent to kiss them. A twisted smile creased Randy's lips. It was good to have a whining, subservient asshole slave to take out his frustrations on.

Coach Johnson would bear the full brunt of Jake Richards' betrayal, at least until Randy caught up with the wayward young slave. Randy locked Johnson's head and hands securely into the stocks, exposing the back of the bent-over body to his master's merciless whip. The older man's horsecock ached with desire for the slashing crop. Without warning, the cruel riding crop cut across his asscheeks, leaving behind a thin red line of burning pain.

"Oh shit. I love it!" Johnson moaned. "More! More! Whip the shit out of me, Master!"

Relentlessly and methodically, Randy whipped his slave -- cross-crossing his back, legs, and ass with angry red welts. Johnson's body quivered under the lash. Sweat poured off his body. His begging for the whip gave way to a low, continuous moan as the excruciating pleasure-pain mounted with each vicious blow.

Randy's cock got harder and harder with each sound of pain he extracted from his slave. His rigid prick jerked with a jolt of fierce pleasure at each satisfying crash of the riding crop on his slave's welted ass.

He pulled out his red-hot cock. He smeared the free-flowing pre-cum to the base of the huge pole and squeezed, making the veins and cockhead swell

even larger. Then, in one single, vicious movement, he stabbed his cock into his slave's asshole to the hilt!

Johnson screamed in agony. His master's cock felt like a red-hot poker tearing out his guts. Randy punctuated his fuck-thrusts with vicious blows of the riding crop. Johnson's screams became hoarser and hoarser as his master got into a vicious fucking-whipping rhythm.

Despite his pain, the slave's horsecock was rock-hard. Nothing got him so hot as to have his master ride his ass and give him the whip.

Suddenly, Randy's cock shot deep into the slave's asshole, injecting him full of his rich, boiling spunk. At the same time, Len's horse cock erupted in wave after wave. Gasping for breath, Randy rested on his slave's bent-over body and let his cock go soft inside his asshole. He pulled out with a loud pop and released his slave from the stocks. They both went into the large, adjoining shower-bath.

Following custom, the older man lovingly washed his young master's body, first licking the shit, cum and sweat from his cock and balls, then giving his asshole a long, lingering workout with his lips and tongue.

Finally, he soaped him down with a soft sponge. Then they rinsed off and Johnson dried his master's body with a large, fluffy towel.

Working over his groveling slave had only taken the edge off Randy's tension. He wasn't ready to call it quits for the evening so he decided to go out prowling.

Randy put on a pair of ancient land boots. He decided to check out the action downtown.

Randy parked in a deserted side street and strolled down to the library.

There were a few cars driving slowly around the blocks but no one on foot. Up ahead, he could see somebody sitting on a bench. Coming closer, he could see it was a young guy. In the lamp light, his face looked young and innocent.

His body, however, looked like that of a muscular athlete in his late teens. The kid was wearing black jeans, boots, and a black leather vest with nothing underneath. Hearing Randy's approach, the young stud turned his head and looked directly into the older man's eyes. Randy was startled by the unexpected, quiet intensity of the boy's look.

"Hi, how's it going?" said Randy.

"Hi," the boy curtly replied. He unhooked his ankle from over his knee and spread his legs wide, displaying a huge bulge in his jeans. The boy reached down and squeezed his crotch, maintaining his deadpan state into Randy's eyes.

Randy grinned. "I like a man who comes to the point fast." The boy grinned back and asked, "Wanna come to my place?"

"Sure," answered Randy. The boy gave Randy a ride to his car on his motorcycle, then Randy followed him home.

The young stud's name was Zack. He and his brother Matt shared a large apartment in on the city's older neighborhoods. Randy was not prepared for the greeting they received as they walked in. Kneeling just inside the door was a hunky teenager a few years older than Zack. He was naked, except for wide, studded dog collar around his neck.

As soon as the door closed behind them, the slave boy went down on all fours and crawled toward Zack. Humbly, he kissed and licked the boy's boots. Randy was completely surprised. The kid did seem pretty tough, but he didn't imagine he would be into such an elaborate master-slave trip.

The little stud reached down and ruffled his brother-slave's hair affectionately. "This is my dog, Matt. Say hello to Randy, dog."

The older boy looked up and said: "Hi."

Zack sent Matt into the kitchen for beer and settled down on the living room couch with Randy. The boy lit a joint and shared it with his guest, letting the slave boy have an occasional toke. After he had served the beers,

Matt settled himself on the floor at his brother's feet, resting his shaggy head on Zack's leg.

Randy was really intrigued by the two brothers. There was no question as to who was top and who was bottom, yet there was a gentleness in their relationship that Randy had never experienced in his own master-slave encounters.

"How long has he been your slave?" he asked.

"About two years," Zack answered. "That's when he started crawling for me fulltime."

Their relationship had developed naturally. Zack was naturally dominant, and Matt was naturally submissive. Despite the fact that he was younger, Zack had been bossing his older brother around for years. Matt was a born follower, meek and subservient.

Gradually, Zack had established total control over his older brother.

Zack's word became law, occasionally underlined with unprovoked beatings.

Matt accepted everything without protest.

Sometimes, they would play a game in which Matt would be Zack's Roman slave. The game was inspired by the gladiator movies they had been watching on late Saturday night TV. Matt would be made to strip down to nothing but a loincloth and then ordered to wait hand and foot on the reclining Zack, serving him food and drink and massaging him from head to toe.

The Roman slave game became a regular feature of their lives, played every Saturday night. If Zack ordered him to get down and lick his feet clean, Matt would happily obey. Encouraged by his older brother's passivity, the young stud progressed from occasionally slapping and punching his brother to full-scale naked whippings with a thick leather belt.

The floggings became a regular feature of the Roman slave game, inflicted as punishments for Matt's imaginary transgressions. The beatings made both boys hot and hard, but it took a while for them to make connection between sex and punishment.

But it wasn't long before it occurred to the precocious Zack that there had to be more sex than his own hand. One Saturday night Zack ordered Matt to strip completely and jack-off in front of him. Matt resisted, knowing he would be punished for his disobedience. Then, having received a satisfying whipping, he knelt obediently before his younger brother and started stroking his thick cock.

Zack was incredibly excited by the sight of his older brother jerking on his rampant hard-on. The hunky teenager's chest and face were rapidly becoming flushed with sexual arousal and sweat began collecting in the soft, curly hair in his armpits.

As he looked passionately into his younger brother's face, Matt's eyes seemed to be begging for abuse. The young stud's eyes became lidded and his mouth hung open as his face became contorted into a mask of sexual pleasure. The muscles on his arms and chest bunched and tightened as his body locked in the rigid brace of teenage masturbation.

Zack was hot as hell too. He whipped out his rock-hard cock and started matching his brother stroke for stroke. The two boys masturbated furiously in front of each other.

Zack's cock was jerking and throbbing only a few inches from Matt's face, fascinating the older boy. He wondered how the huge, red cock would feel inside his mouth and how his brother's inflamed flesh would taste. The thought of Zack ordering him to take his cock in his mouth sent hot spasms of pleasure through his cock.

Matt felt his cum rising. He stopped pumping, wanting it to last, but it was too late. The rich, creamy spunk shot from his spasming cock, splattering all over his chest and thighs. A second later, Zack's hot load shot all over his brother's face and hair. Matt licked up the droplets, savoring the tangy taste, wishing he'd gotten the whole load.

CHAPTER TEN

From mutual masturbation, the two horny boys quickly progressed to bigger and better things. An hour later Zack made his brother suck his cock, rewarding him with a full load of hot cum.

After that night, Matt was totally enslaved by his younger brother. He lived only to obey the dominant boy, his only pleasure the giving of pleasure to his masterful brother. Only with the young stud's cock down his throat or up his asshole, or with a whip crashing down on his muscular ass did he feel completely fulfilled.

The story of how Zack had reduced his older brother to a crawling, slobbering sex-slave made Randy really hot. His cock was hurting hard and throbbing inside his tight jeans. At a sign from Zack, Matt crawled over to the rug in the middle of the living room. He was on all fours, and, sticking straight up, his firm bubble-butt presented a luscious target.

Matt's tongue hung out of his open mouth, drooling spit like a dog.

Zack and Randy tore off their clothes and attacked the submissive animal.

Zack plunged his long hot cock into his brother's ass in one single, punishing stroke, tearing a scream of pleasure-pain from the boy's throat. Up front, Randy slapped the boy's face with his huge prick, then made him swallow it down to the balls.

Matt's throat took Randy's cock all the way, then started giving some really fierce head. The slave boy's bliss was complete as he worked on the two punishing pricks at the same time, expertly contracting his ass muscles around his brother's cock while his throat, lips, and tongue pleased Randy's throbbing prick.

The two dominating young studs fucked their steel-hard cocks faster and faster into the suctioning slave boy, filling him with their rigid, red-hot

cockmeat. The thrill of dominating and abusing a beautiful young stud flowed from them like an electric current that made Matt buzz and vibrate.

The slave boy's hand flew up and down his aching cock as he was raped, getting him closer and closer. The two hot, dominant studs fucked him savagely. The harder they punished him with their rigid pricks, the more he loved it.

They shot their loads deep into him, making his mouth and asshole overflow with rich, white cream as he sprayed his own load over the carpet. The two masters left their cocks inside the slave boy until they had become completely soft, then lay on the couch and made him lick them clean.

Matt got only a brief rest before the two hot young studs were at him again. This time, Zack and Randy traded places, with Randy stabbing his throbbing prick into the slaveboy's pliant, accepting asshole while Zack crushed his brother's face into his crotch, sinking his cock all the way down his throat.

Matt's hot young body accepted all the abuse the two rough young studs could dish out and writhed for more. Zack and Randy had each cum three times by the time they gave up on Matt, too tired to feed him any more cock.

As Randy was walking out the door, and Zack headed off for bed, Matt was still writhing on the floor, plunging a huge dildo in and out of his clenching asshole.

Over at the Blake house, after Danny and the twins had thoroughly used and abused him, Jake finally convinced them he really did have to go to his training session with Coach Lovett. It was very late, but he felt he needed to go over there, if only to apologize for his earlier absence.

Danny dropped the wrestler off at the Johnson house, and Jake let himself in with the key Lovett had given him. The house seemed deserted. He went downstairs to the gym. Lovett was nowhere to be seen.

Jake shrugged, knowing his master would come for him whenever he was good and ready. He stripped and decided to take a shower. He dried himself and pulled on a fresh jock. It fit tight around his massive cock and balls, making him throw a rod.

Slowly, his huge cock unwound inside the jock strap, distending the stretchy material. He looked down, watching himself get hard. The session with Danny and the twins had made him leak gallons, but he hadn't been allowed to cum. He was still horny as hell! His hand went down to his crotch, then pulled back. Better save it for him Randy, he thought.

He walked out into the gym to do some warm-ups until Lovett showed up.

His cock stayed hurting-hard inside the tight jock as he visualized his hot master's body, imagining the way Randy's cock felt inside his mouth and ass Jake's horny adolescent prick kept up a steady, jerking tattoo inside his jock as he did his exercises.

As he drove away from the coach's house, a plan finally jelled in Danny's mind. He had often thought of the hot scene of sexual submission he had witnessed in the coaching office between Coach Lovett and Coach Johnson and suddenly it occurred to him that lake might have something going on with one or both of them.

Danny was suddenly very curious about what might be happening at the Johnson house. He drove home, picked up same camera equipment, and drove back to the coach's house. He grinned to himself, marveling at the audacity of what he was about to attempt.

He parked a ways from the house and sneaked up to the back yard, looking for a window to break into. He tried a couple of kitchen windows, but they were locked down tight. He was standing, trying to figure out what to do when he noticed a light shining through some bushes growing against the back wall of the house. He peered through the bushes, but couldn't see anything. Then he got down on his belly and crawled right up to a small basement window.

Bingo! Right there in front of him was exactly the kind of scene he had hoped to find. Lovett had finally gotten back to the house and found Jake doing warm-ups in the gym. His wrestler-slave trainee had to be punished for being so late to his session. However, Randy had just come from Zack's and Matt's and was understandably a little tired. He decided to have Johnson help him administer the punishment.

Randy seldom permitted Len the privilege of touching any body except that of his master. Sometimes, weeks would go by before the master would allow his slave the privilege of getting off a load.

Randy loved to see the older man reduced to the level of a lust-crazed bitch, groveling on the floor, begging for his master's permission to cum. Now, Johnson would get some long sought relief.

The two coaches had just started working over the hot little athlete as Danny positioned his telephoto lens at the basement window. They had tied Jake to a gym horse, spread eagled, his round, luscious asscheeks facing open at a slight angle away from Danny's vantage point. There was a huge dildo inside the boy's clenching asshole, being violently shoved in and out by Coach Johnson with one hand, while he whipped the slaveboy's asscheeks and back with a riding crop with the other.

Up front, Coach Lovett was viciously stabbing another big dildo into the boy's throat, rhythmically withdrawing it and plunging it back down the boy's throat as he pulled viciously on his fine blond hair.

Danny had to violently resist the desire to masturbate. He started taking pictures, making sure to capture the faces of the three studs. He recorded every step of the young wrestler's degradation by the two coaches. Jake being whipped, Jake getting dildo-fucked at both ends, Jake with his hot mouth buried in Lovett's funky asshole while Johnson's monster cock raped his young asshole, Jake tongue lapping the two studs'

sweaty, hair choked armpits and muscular bodies. Then Danny shot the ecstatic faces of the two coaches as their beautiful young slave enthusiastically serviced their big, hot cocks.

Out of film, he carefully disentangled himself from the bushes and stole away. The pictures would give him control over the two men! His cock got hurting-hard as he fantasized about the two hot, muscular coaches crawling before him, eager slaves ready to do his bidding!

The following day, Danny developed the film in the darkroom at Billy's house, assisted by his drooling young slave. The boy became so excited by all the hot shots that Danny had to throw a stand-up fuck into him right there in the darkroom. Danny had gotten a complete and accurate record of the coaches' session with their young slave. He printed two sets of photos, the negatives and one set he planned to hide somewhere while he used the other set to blackmail Lovett and Johnson into submission.

After mulling over a plan of attack, he decided to go for the weakest link -- Johnson. He waited until Lovett was away at an out of town game with one of the teams then carefully selected five of the photos and enclosed them with a typed note in a large envelope. He slipped it under the door of the coaching office one morning, just before Johnson was due to arrive.

The coach picked up the envelope, took it to his desk and ripped it open.

Danny's photos spilled across his desk. He took them in at a glance and immediately felt sick to his stomach. Staring up at him was his own fate, contorted with pleasure as he fucked lake. On the sodomized young boy's face was a look that could have been taken for either agony or ecstasy.

Across the wrestler's shoulders and chest, the long red marks of a fresh whipping could be clearly seen. The other photos were all equally incriminating. His hands shaking, he picked up the note.

Asshole Johnson.

These pictures don't show you as the crawling, butt-whipped asshole slave that you really are. However, I think you will agree that if certain people were to get their hands on them, some very unpleasant things could happen to you. There are more like these, and they and the negatives are safely hidden away with arrangements for automatic release if anything should go wrong. If you know what's good for you, you will do whatever I say from

now on. First, you will destroy this note and the photos, and tell no one about them. Then, you will await further instructions like a good little slave.

Your new master.

Johnson slumped in defeat. Whoever had taken these pictures had him by the balls. He smiled bitterly. It seemed to be Len Johnson's fate to spend his life serving men more masterful than himself. Despite himself, he felt his cock harden. His hand found the huge, hard-on in his gym trunks. He got up, locked the door, and sat back down.

With perverse fascination, he looked again at the photos of himself and Jake. His trembling hand dug deep into his shorts, and he grasped his hard-on with a sigh of pleasure. He wrestled the huge prick out of his jock and shorts, pushing them down his thighs. Drooling spit onto his massive cock, he started masturbating, reliving the hot scene in the basement with his master and the young slave.

His hand became a blur on his massive cock. Then, without warning, his cock erupted in a massive geyser of hot cum, splattering his massive chest and thighs and the photos on the desk. He got up and wiped himself off.

With a sigh of resignation, he gathered up the photos and the note. He would destroy them as ordered. One by one, he burned the pictures and the note in a trash can, then flushed the ashes down the john in his private bathroom.

The incriminating evidence was gone or so he thought. But one of the photographs had fluttered down and slipped underneath his desk. In his state of dread and excitement, the coach hadn't noticed it. There it lay, waiting to be found.

After his hot self-abuse session with the blackmail shots, Coach Johnson made his morning rounds of the various gym areas. Not too many boys were around during the first hour free gym period. They were either in class, or else didn't have to be in school yet.

But in the weight rooms, he found two of the older boys working out.

These two dark-haired studs had never gone out for sports, but they were fanatical body-builders. Their incredibly muscular bodies were totally awesome and he watched quietly from the doorway as the boys grunted and worked their long, luscious muscles against the weights, sweat glistening on their hard, tanned flesh.

The coach's mind suddenly jumped back to the blackmail note. He fantasized that one of these young Gods had written it. He would be thrilled to be made to worship at his feet. To lick the sweat from every inch of his gorgeously muscled body, to dig deep with his seeking tongue between those perfectly rounded asscheeks, to have his face ground into that monstrously swollen crotch, to have that huge cock stab hurting deep into his craving asshole!

He suddenly realized his cock was standing ramrod straight inside his jock, threatening to poke through the waistband of his shorts. He glanced nervously, at the two body-builders. They were intent on their workout and hadn't even noticed he was there. He went back into the coaching office and locked himself in again, this time giving his ass a fierce whipping with his belt while he jerked off.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

By the time the phone rang at his house early that evening, Coach Johnson was more than primed. It was Danny ready to give his would be slave some further instructions.

"This is your friendly neighborhood photographer. Are you ready to play ball, slave?" he asked.

Johnson's voice quavered with excitement. "Who is this?"

"Never mind that, asshole!" Danny snapped. "You just do as you're told and the police and school board will never see those pictures. You do want to be a good boy, don't you?"

"Yes, yes," the coach replied breathlessly, his cock rapidly hardening.

"I'll do anything you say."

"SIR!" Danny growled. "I'm always Sir to you, scumbag!"

"Sir! Sorry, Sir!" the slave apologized.

"That's better," said Danny. "I see you're already well trained. We'll just see if we can teach you any new tricks. Now, here's what I want you to do, slave!"

Danny instructed the coach to prepare himself to receive his new master in the basement of his house in precisely thirty minutes.

He was to be totally naked, with a dog collar around his neck, a leather mask over his face, a dildo down his throat, and another one up his ass.

The big ex pro-footballer obeyed his new master's orders, his huge muscled body buzzing with the excitement of degradation. He locked the prescribed dog collar around his neck, stroking the thick black lather with loving-fingers. Next, he greased up a huge, dildo and pushed it slowly into his

asshole, relishing every punishing inch as it violated his ass. Then he selected a smaller dildo from his master's collection and forced it down his throat. He then pulled a black leather mask down over his head and zipped it up tight.

Except for two small holes at the nostrils, the mask completely encased his head in total darkness. Plugged at both ends, blinded and collared, he crawled toward the center of the room. Thus the big man groveled on the basement floor, a hot faggot slave bitch, waiting for the punishment and degradation he'd been taught to love.

In another city, Coach Lovett had just packed his kids off for the night with their host families. He would be spending the night with the coach of the host school. The coach was a young man, like Lovett in his early twenties.

His name was Beau, and he still had the soft drawl of his native South.

He was a bit shorter than Randy, but built like a brick shithouse, with dark, curly hair, a ruddy complexion, and flashing dark blue eyes.

His tight dress slacks showed a beautifully rounded ass, and a very healthy-sized basket. He was certainly a beauty, just the type Randy had always loved to subdue and master. Randy's boys had soundly beaten Beau's players and now it remained for the Columbia High coach to score his own personal victory in private.

Alone in the showers after all the kids had gone, the two young men stripped. Randy peeled off his clothes slowly, sensuously, watching for Beau's reactions. The other young coach was trying to look at Randy without, getting caught, his eyes nervously darting away from Randy's sensuous striptease, then glancing back.

The bulge in Randy's tight jockey shorts was large and getting larger by the second. He stepped directly in front of Beau, who was sitting on a bench unlacing his shoes. As he leaned over to hang his pants on a wall peg, his bulging crotch nearly collided with the other young man's face.

Beau's eyes locked with Randy's hot, commanding stare. With a sudden motion, the dominant young coach ripped down his shorts and his hard-on whipped up, slapping against Beau's face. With a strangled moan, Beau dived for Randy's hot prick and swallowed it to the root.

"That's it, cock-sucker! Suck it! Suck my big cock good!" Randy commanded.

Winding his fingers in Beau's hair, Randy pulled the young man's face hard into his crotch. Beau was having trouble breathing, with the monster cock shoved down his throat. Just as he thought he would pass out, Randy let him up for air. The young Southerner filled his lungs and dove down on the hot hard cock again.

He licked the shaft with his tongue as it slid past his full, soft lips.

His throat muscles spasmed around the cockhead, sucking it deeper into his gullet. Beau's hot mouth action was driving Randy wild. Faster and faster, he whipped the young man's head off his cock and slammed it back down, masturbating himself with the stud's hot, slobbering mouth.

Beau's soft, suctioning lips and tongue were bringing him closer and closer to shooting. But, as always with a new stud, Randy wanted this to last. He jerked his spitty cock out of the young man's mouth. Beau moaned wildly and tried to impale himself on the huge, throbbing prick again, but Randy pulled hard on his hair, keeping him off.

He looked down, on the stud's spit-slick face and sex-glazed eyes and smiled. "You like this, don't you, boy?"

"Yeahhhhh," Beau answered in a throaty whisper.

"So tell me how much you like it!" Randy insisted, slapping his hard cock across the young stud's face. "Tell me how much you like my big cock fucking your face!"

"I like it a lot, Sir!" Beau answered.

Randy smiled again. There seemed to be no end to the numbers of young studs who liked nothing better, than to be put on their knees in front of a hot, hard cock. Beau again dove for Randy's cock, but the dominant young stud yanked him off by his hair.

"You want it, cock-sucker! I like having a slobbering cock-sucker lick me off. Tongue the sweat off every inch of my body! Start on my feet, bitch!"

The red-hot Southern boy moaned passionately and dove down on Randy's feet. He loved being made to get down on a pair of big, sweaty, dirty muscular feet, sucking off a hot stud's funky, smelly toes. He licked and slobbered feverishly.

Randy leaned back and looked down on his latest slave boy. Of all the hot, degrading acts he had invented for his slaveboy's, this was one of his favorites. And Beau turned out to be an expert foot-licker.

Evidently, he'd been getting some regular practice. He had Randy writhing on the bench, until he ordered him to stop and move up his legs.

Lovingly, the Southern boy licked up the muscular calves, lapping upwards with long, fluttering strokes of his educated tongue.

Holding him by the hair, he slapped Beau's face hard, then dragged the cock-sucker's face all over his chest and stomach, making him lick and slobber over every inch.

The submissive young coach went crazy with his tongue when Randy shoved his face into his funky armpit. He loved the rank, raunchy smell of a young athlete's armpits. He grunted and slobbered like a pig.

From the armpits, he moved up to Randy's neck and shoulders, biting and gnawing on the sensitive area between the ears and the tips of his shoulders. Then, he licked and nibbled all over Randy's muscular arms and hands. The dominant young stud's body was buzzing with pleasure. Never had such an educated mouth serviced his body.

Beau seemed to know instinctively where all his pleasure spots were and what to do with them. Randy stretched out on the bench on his belly and let Beau tongue him from behind. Beau kissed, sucked, licked and bit his way all the way from the soles of Randy's feet to the nape of his neck, finally licking and swabbing out his ears.

He saved his master's asshole for last, giving it a savage drilling with his pointed tongue. He licked feverishly at Randy's tight asspucker, pushing his tongue in as far as it would go. The prolonged tongue-bath had made Randy's cock so hard that it hurt. He felt he was going to explode if Beau drilled his tongue into his asshole one more time so he ordered his slave to stop.

He sat up and pulled Beau's head into this crotch, stabbing his aching cock deep down his throat. On the third stroke, he came in a long, shuddering orgasm, filling his slave's mouth to overflowing with rich, white cum.

They rested for a while, showered, then Beau took Randy home with him.

Beau had some film of his team in action -- a room full of hot, horny, muscular teenagers going at it with abandon. Studs were getting sucked, fucked, rimmed, licked, paddled, whipped, pissed on. Beau played a featured role, frequently taking it at both ends.

Watching the films made Beau hot to get fucked and Randy hot to fuck him.

Coach Lovett was a tired, but satisfied young man by the time morning came and time to take his team home.

Danny Wilde was also a very tired but satiated young stud after his session with Coach Johnson. He had been fantasizing about getting into a scene with the huge, muscular stud ever since he had spied on him crawling for Coach Lovett. Reality had exceeded his wildest fantasies.

The hunky coach had been really hot!

He had, whipped and paddled the big man, made him take cock at both ends, drink his piss, eat his ass, lick his body, and then beg and whine like a

puppy for more abuse. Danny had obliged him with a vengeance, paying the coach back for all the times he had disciplined him as a student.

Coach Lovett and his team arrived back at the school by late morning.

Coach Johnson, exhausted by Danny's brutal abuse of the previous evening, had called in sick.

Lovett walked into the coaching office and decided to catch up on some paperwork. His own desk was a mess, so he took the papers he needed over to Johnson's clean desktop. He'd been working for a while when, shuffling some papers, when he knocked his pen off the desk. He bent down to pick it up and noticed something under the desk. He pulled it out and saw that it was a photo of Johnson and him letting Jake have it at both ends!

"Shit!" he exclaimed.

His mind raced with a dozen questions who had taken the picture? How?

Why? Who else had seen it? He willed himself to calm down and think clearly. He'd found the picture under Johnson's desk therefore, the older coach had probably seen the photo. Maybe Len also knew who had taken it and why. Randy put the picture in his pocket and drove to Johnson's house.

At first, Len tried to deny any knowledge of the picture. He was afraid of what Randy might do when he found out he had allowed himself to be black-mailed and used by some high school punk. But it didn't take Lovett long to beat the truth, out of his slave.

Danny Wilde! Randy would teach that cocky young punk what happened to anyone who fucked with Randy Lovett or his property! Johnson was ordered to invite the little bastard over for an encore on Friday night, while Lovett was supposedly out of town. Randy swore Danny Wilde was going to be sorry he'd ever been born!

Danny accepted Johnson's invitation and ordered the man to receive his master in the same way as before -- kneeling in the middle of the gym floor with dildos at both ends, a mask over his face. That is how Danny found

him as he walked into the dimly lit room. He strutted over to the kneeling stud with a leer, thinking about how much he was going to enjoy taking the big man through another punishment session. As he leaned down to inspect his slave, he felt a sharp pain at the back of his head, then nothing...

While Johnson pulled out his dildos and removed the mask, Lovett handcuffed Danny's wrists and ankles. He put the mask on the unconscious teenager and left the trussed boy on the floor.

After a while Randy decided they needed to help him come to. He ordered Johnson to piss on their prisoner, aiming for the boy's mouth and nostril openings on the mask.

Danny suddenly came to, spluttering and coughing. He thrashed around, realizing in panic that he'd been tied up and blinded. The strong flow of urine was smothering him, cutting off his breathing.

"Unless you want to suffocate, you'd better swallow that piss, scumbag!"

In his confusion, Danny could not recognize Randy's voice. Gagging, he swallowed the hot, acrid piss convulsively, struggling to breathe. The flow of piss ebbed. Suddenly, he placed the voice. Coach Lovett! That bastard! The dominated boy was burning with humiliation as he thrashed against the handcuffs.

"You bastard! Let me loose! You let me loose right now, or you and your fucking slave are gonna be dead!" he snarled.

Coach Lovett laughed. "You pitiful little shit. The one that's going to be dead is you if you don't tell me where the rest of those pictures and negatives are."

"You don't scare me!" the teenager growled. "Let me out of these fuckin' handcuffs now!"

Then the torment of Danny Wilde began in earnest.

THE END